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THE TRUE HISTORY OF TEAPOT DOME

SENATOR THOMAS J. WALSH OF MONTANA

WITHOUT animus the Chairman of the Senate Committee which has been investigating the oil scandals in Washington gives his own account of the incidents and clues that led him to undertake the official inquiry and exposure of corruption. In the light of all the lurid publicity recently given to the investigation, it is surprising to find how apathetic the press showed itself toward the first disclosures of patient and exhaustive research. Senator Walsh has here furnished a document of permanent historical value.

AN all too general view prevails that corruption in high places in the government service is not uncommon, but that the operators are ordinarily so clever as to defy detection, or that upon one consideration or another, perhaps in anticipation of reciprocal toleration, even political opponents in a situation to do so refrain from making public official misdeeds or delinquencies. Notwithstanding the startling revelations of the committees inquiring during the current session of Congress into the conduct of the executive departments, I believe that "crookedness" in Washington is rare, and I am convinced that the notion that it is ever condoned by those who might profit politically by the exposure of it, either through hope or fear, is wholly false. It should be added that I refer to instances in which conduct would be universally, at least generally, condemned as contrary to good morals or plainly involving turpitude. It would seem as though there could be no such thing as degrees of dishonesty, and yet of many acts of public officials varying views are held as to whether they are culpable or as to the degree of culpability which should attach to those concerned in them.

Of unequivocally corrupt conduct in office, I am sure the rarity with which the public learns of it is due to the infrequency of its

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occurrence, rather than to the art with which it is concealed, or reluctance to expose it. The belief that political opponents overlook transgressions lest reprisals might follow is, in my opinion, without any foundation. That such a notion is entertained in some quarters is evidence of the view that it is a part of the duty of a political party, as it is, to reveal the errors, the shortcomings, and the misdeeds of those in official position by the grace of another party. And yet those of us who have been more or less active in connection with the investigations that have claimed so much attention during the current session of Congress have been made the subject of the most opprobrious comment, because, it is asserted, we were actuated by political motives.

Our government is operated on the party system. That system has its vices, but one of its cardinal virtues is that the one party, always standing ready to point out the objections to and the weaknesses of candidates, officials, policies, and measures of the other, better men are advanced as candidates, officials are held to a higher degree of efficiency, and a stricter responsibility and policies demanded by the public interest are pursued. So it is no discredit whatever to either me or my colleagues, if it be the fact, as has been so acrimoniously charged, that no sense of public duty, no detestation of crime, no love of country actuated us, that our activities are and have been, as charged, "pure politics."

With both friends and foes, however, there is an acute curiosity to know the sequence of events which ended in the public disgrace of Fall, by what sinuous and devious route the pursuit which led to his exposure was followed, and to learn of the intellectual processes by which that result was achieved. It is a queer trait of human character that finds gratification in the reading of detective stories. This tale reveals some queer manifestations of the operations of the mass mind.

In the spring of 1922 rumors reached parties interested that a lease had been or was about to be made of Naval Reserve No. 3 in the State of Wyoming, — popularly known, from its local designation, as the Teapot Dome. This was one of three great areas known to contain petroleum in great quantity which had been set aside for the use of the Navy, — Naval Reserves No. 1 and No. 2 in California by President Taft in 1912, and No. 3 by President Wilson in 1915. The initial steps toward the creation of

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these reserves, — the land being public; that is, owned by the Government, — were taken by President Roosevelt, who caused to be instituted a study to ascertain the existence and location of eligible areas, as a result of which President Taft in 1909 withdrew the tracts in question from disposition under the public land laws. These areas were thus set apart with a view to keeping in the ground a great reserve of oil available at some time in the future, more or less remote, when an adequate supply for the Navy could not, by reason of the failure or depletion of the world store, or the exigencies possibly of war, be procured or could be procured only at excessive cost; in other words to ensure the Navy in any exigency the fuel necessary to its efficient operation.

From the time of the original withdrawal order, private interests had persistently endeavored to assert or secure some right to exploit these rich reserves, the effort giving rise to a struggle lasting throughout the Wilson administration. Some feeble attempt was made by parties having no claim to any of the territory to secure a lease of all or a portion of the reserves, but in the main the controversy was waged by claimants asserting rights either legal or equitable in portions of the reserves antedating the withdrawal orders, on the one hand, and the Navy Department on the other. In that struggle Secretary Lane was accused of being unduly friendly to the private claimants, Secretary Daniels being too rigidly insistent on keeping the areas intact. President Wilson apparently supported Daniels in the main in the controversy which became acute and Lane retired from the Cabinet, it is said, in consequence of the differences which had thus arisen.

The reserves were created, in the first place, in pursuance of the policy of conservation, the advocates of which, a militant body, active in the Ballinger affair, generally supported the attitude of Secretary Daniels and President Wilson.

They too became keen on the report of the impending lease of Teapot Dome. Failing to get any definite or reliable information at the departments, upon diligent inquiry, Senator Kendrick of Wyoming introduced and had passed by the Senate on April 16, 1922, a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Interior for information as to the existence of the lease which was the subject of the rumors, in response to which a letter was transmitted by

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the Acting Secretary of the Interior on April 21, disclosing that a lease of the entire Reserve No. 3 was made two weeks before to the Mammoth Oil Company organized by Harry Sinclair, a spectacular oil operator. This was followed by the adoption by the Senate on April 29, 1922 of a resolution introduced by Senator LaFollette directing the Committee on Public Lands and Surveys to investigate the entire subject of leases of the naval oil reserves and calling on the Secretary of the Interior for all documents and full information in relation to the same.

In the month of June following, a cartload of documents said to have been furnished in compliance with the resolution was dumped in the committee rooms, and a letter from Secretary Fall to the President in justification of the lease of the Teapot Dome and of leases of limited areas on the other reserves was by him sent to the Senate. I was importuned by Senators LaFollette and Kendrick to assume charge of the investigation, the chairman of the committee and other majority members being believed to be unsympathetic, and assented the more readily because the Federal Trade Commission had just reported that, owing to conditions prevailing in the oil fields of Wyoming and Montana, the people of my State were paying prices for gasoline in excess of those prevailing anywhere else in the Union.

In the letter of Secretary Fall the course taken was said to have been required by the fact that wells in the adjacent Salt Creek field were draining the oil from the Teapot Dome area. As this theory was disputed, two geologists were employed by the committee to make a study of the ground during the summer of 1923, and the committee, on the incoming of their report, entered, on October 22, 1923, upon the inquiry with which it was charged. I had meanwhile caused to be made a somewhat careful but by no means complete examination of the mass of documents furnished the committee by the Department of the Interior, and went into a laborious study of the exhaustive reports made by the experts, much of it of a highly technical character. I undertook a critical analysis of the lease itself and of the lengthy letter of Secretary Fall to the President, and prepared to interrogate him on the stand concerning features of both, with the purpose of bringing out what I conceived to be fatal vices in the one and misrepresentations and weaknesses in the other.

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Incidental to this part of the preparation it was necessary to make a careful study of the acts of Congress of February 25, 1920, and June 4, 1920, of the so-called Overman act, and the statutes touching contracts by the executive departments generally and by the Navy Department specifically. A somewhat intimate familiarity with the laws in relation to the disposition of the public domain and the procedure before the Department of the Interior in connection therewith lightened the task of preparation.

Concurrently with the prosecution of the work outlined, I addressed letters to all journals which had exhibited any special interest in the subject either at the time or since publicity was given to the execution of the Teapot Dome lease, asking for such information as they might be able to give me or for the sources of the statements of facts made in articles appearing in their columns on the subject.

The reports of the experts gave not a little support to the contention that drainage to an appreciable, if not a very considerable, extent was taking place from the Teapot Dome into the Salt Creek wells, contrary to the view expressed by some, whose opinions were entitled to respect, that owing to the geological conditions such a result could not ensue. This was unfortunate because from the first it was recognized that there would be some migration of oil across the boundary line of Naval Reserve No. 3 which was purposely made to embrace an area beyond what was believed to be the separate Teapot Dome structure, that the oil in it might be safe.

The Geological Survey had reported that some drainage was taking place and had recommended that the situation be met by drilling a row of line wells along the relatively narrow common boundary. The propriety of leasing the whole nine thousand acres should have been mooted rather than the question of whether any drainage was taking place or to be apprehended. However, the reports of the experts submitted at the first day's session were decidedly favorable to the leasing so far as they went, and in the popular mind, if one may so speak, when general indifference to the whole subject was the rule, they went the whole length, it being supposed that the only question involved was geological.

The effect of the reports was heightened by the grossest mis-

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representation concerning their import, put out by one of the great news agencies, subsequently asserted by it and probably truly, through the error of a careless reporter. A member of the committee gave out the statement that the inquiry would terminate within a day or two. Apathetically a few reporters listened in the succeeding sessions to the tedious presentation of extracts from official documents and publications setting out the need of an oil reserve, of the wisdom of maintaining a great supply in the ground, and reciting the story of the efforts of private interests to secure a foothold within the reserves. Secretary Fall being called to the stand, it was disclosed that hardly had the new administration been installed when the determination was arrived at to transfer the administration of the reserves from the Navy Department to which it had been confided by Congress, because it was believed that department was friendly to their preservation, to the Interior Department, suspected of being disposed to tolerate their exploitation, and an order making the transfer bearing date May 30, 1921, over the signature of President Harding, was brought to light. No one now seriously contends that the President had any authority to issue such an order, which, however, at the time of its promulgation, notwithstanding that fact and its evil augury, evoked little attention, though the significance of it was not lost on the watchful leaders of the conservation movement, particularly as Secretary Fall was known from his record in the Senate to be far from friendly to the conservation policy.

No one seemed willing to assume any wrong in or even to criticise the acts of the new administration, buttressed by that seven million majority and guided by the "best minds." Some little dent in the complacent confidence of the public was made at the time the lease was made through the speeches of Senators Kendrick and LaFollette, who called attention to the significant fact that its execution indicated a departure from the settled policy of the Government; that it reversed the result of the struggle that had been carried on throughout the preceding administration; that it was made pursuant to negotiations prosecuted in secret and without competitive biddings. But the listlessness of the public was but little disturbed.

Interest flared fitfully later on when Sinclair declared before a

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Senate Committee that he expected to make $100,000,000 out of the lease, but it was at a low ebb when the hearings began and the reports of the experts chilled whatever there remained. Nevertheless the reversal of the policy to which general adherence had been given, the secrecy which attended the negotiations, the effort to keep from the public information that the lease had been executed, cast about the transaction a suspicion which my study of the facts had heightened until it had passed to conviction. This was strengthened by the examination of Fall and the disclosures made in connection with his testimony. It might be entertaining did time or space permit to specify these in detail. Misstatements of fact in the letter to the President were not infrequent, but more persuasive with me was the total disregard of the plain provisions of the law, and the utterly untenable arguments made to sustain the action that was taken.

To illustrate: twice in letters to the President upon inquiry from Senators, Fall justified the executive order upon the Overman act and the acts of February 25 and June 4, 1920. Confronted with the Overman act he was compelled to admit that by its plain language it had no application. He could find nothing in either of the other acts to justify his reference to them and then fell back on some vague authority arising from the general scheme of our government. He made a futile effort to find some ground for the provision in the contract authorizing the use of the oil to pay the cost of constructing great storage tanks, pursuant to a program of the navy, which contemplated the construction of public works without authorization by Congress, involving an expenditure mounting up to $102,000,000. He took great credit to himself for sagaciously inserting in the lease that the pipe line to be constructed by Sinclair should be a common carrier, which the interstate commerce law made it without any stipulation to that effect. He reiterated the assertion made in his letter to the President that he considered himself the guardian of important military secrets of the Government in connection with the leases which he would, under no circumstances, reveal, plainly intimating that those who were trying to pry into the affair were lacking in loyalty and wanting in that fine sense of duty to country by which he was actuated, recalling, to me at least, that cynical saying of Dr. Johnson that

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patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel. He was voluble to a degree.

There followed other witnesses, mainly attachés of the department, who testified about drainage and kindred matters when the committee suspended on November 2 to resume on November 30, the case being made as to the legality of the leases, which no one in either house of Congress rose to defend on the resolution to begin suit to annul them, and as to the policy of abandoning the purpose to keep the oil in the ground which has, except for a feeble voice lately raised in the House, had no defender in either body. The public, however, so far as the press indicated, remained apathetic.

In the interim stories had reached me, rumors rather, about some significant land deal in New Mexico, — sometimes it was Fall who purchased for Sinclair, again Sinclair who purchased for Fall. They were vague in character, and diligent inquiry revealed no details. The statement above as to the press is too general. A few newspapers early sensed the importance of the revelations, notably the St. Louis "Post-Despatch," the Omaha "World Herald," the Raleigh "News and Observer," and the Washington "Daily News," a Scripps publication. From the Honorable W. B. Colver, editor of the last named, I learned that the Denver "Post," which virulently denounced the lease at the outset and then strangely and suddenly quit, had in the summer of 1922 sent a man to New Mexico to investigate the land deal and that he had made a report which, for some reason, the "Post" had omitted to publish. Rumors of why the "Post" had changed its policy fed the suspicion with which I viewed the transaction.

Through Colver and his Denver connections I learned that the reporter was friendly but fearful and that his report, still available, was interesting. I had no funds at my command to bring him to Washington. I had no investigator at my service to interview him or any one. I went before the Committee and asked for a subpoena to require his attendance. Grudgingly authority for its issuance was awarded. He came with his report and gave the names and addresses of witnesses in New Mexico who could tell of Fall's sudden rise from financial embarrassment, if not impecuniosity, to comparative affluence. He brought certified copies of the records showing the acquisition by Fall of the Harris

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ranch, of his delinquencies in the matter of his local taxes extending over a period of ten years, and of his liquidation of them in the summer of 1922, and of the shipment of blooded stock from Sinclair's farm in New Jersey to Fall's ranch in New Mexico.

I then dismissed him and secured subpoenas for the New Mexico witnesses, who told the story of Fall's having paid $91,500 for the ranch mentioned, — the initial payment of $10,000 having been made in bills taken from a black tin box, — of his subsequent purchase of other lands costing $33,000 more, of the installation of a hydro-electric plant at a cost of from $40,000 to $50,000, and of other expenditures in the aggregate approximating $200,000. I did not enter into that field of inquiry without misgivings. Seeking advice from a friendly associate on the Committee, I was assured that some plausible story would be told and the effort come to naught. I determined, however, that the duty of the Committee being to investigate, the witnesses should be called, whatever might be the outcome. The significance of their testimony, synchronizing in its details so strangely with Sinclair's visit in his private car to Fall's ranch in the latter part of 1921, an added circumstance of a suspicious character, could not be overlooked and gave rise to obvious consternation among the friends of Fall on the Committee who were, however, reassured by a message from him to the effect that his son-in-law, who was entirely conversant with his business affairs, would come on to explain all.

By this time there was attracted to the committee room an increasing number of representatives of the press, but though the daily reports of the proceedings were reasonably complete, the editorial force seemed oblivious of what was going on. It was at about that stage of the inquiry that I sought through influential friends to arouse the interest of some of the metropolitan papers which, for one reason or another, might be expected to aid, for I realized that many might be prompted to help should the issue be agitated who would otherwise remain silent. If they made any effort it was fruitless. Doheny coming upon the stand about that time denounced as an "outrage" the bringing of witnesses from New Mexico to besmirch the character of so upright a public official as Albert B. Fall. More recent denunciatory comment on the investigators does not specify Fall or any other particular

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individual, for that matter. But at that time I was a muckraker, vilifying worthy public servants.

Still it was up to Fall to tell where the money came from. His son-in-law did not appear according to promise. Fall did not. A statement made by him to the press gave the assurance that a full explanation would be made. Later it was reported in a vague way that he was ill, — now in Chicago, now in New York. Reporters were unable to locate him, for they were now on the job. In fact he came to Chicago, went from there to New York, thence to Atlantic City, and to Washington where he had an interview with Senators Smoot and Lenroot, members of the Committee, and with Will Hayes, late Chairman of the Republican National Committee, to whom he told, as he did in a letter to the Committee on December 27, 1923, that he had borrowed $100,000 with which to purchase the Harris Ranch, from Edward B. McLean, owner and editor of the Washington "Post," then at Palm Beach, Florida, whither Fall speedily betook himself as McLean's guest.

The same volubility which characterized his testimony was in evidence in his written communication to the Committee. It bore intrinsic evidence of being of doubtful veracity. A month had gone by since the damaging evidence had been heard. An honest man would have hastened to take the stand to refute the inferences to which it naturally gave rise and the doubts that it must inevitably have raised. Had such a man been desperately ill he would have told the story on the stand and not sought refuge from cross-examination by sending a letter from his hotel in the city in which the committee was sitting. Moreover, the knowing ones smiled incredulously at the idea of Ned McLean's having such a sum of money at hand to loan, though rich in property, or of his loaning it if he had it.

Forthwith that gentleman began to exhibit a feverish anxiety lest he be called as a witness, singularly divining what was coming. He communicated by wire with the Committee; he sent lawyers to represent to it and to me that he was ill, that his wife was ill; that it would be dangerous for him to tempt the rigorous climate of Washington at that season of the year; that he had loaned $100,000 to Fall in November or December, 1922; that he knew nothing about the facts otherwise; that he would make a

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written statement under oath if the Committee desired him to attest to the truth of a statement he would send. He begged not to be called to Washington. I was insistent that he appear; other members of the Committee were disposed to be accommodating, and on a record vote on which I and my supporters were outnumbered, it was agreed to take from him a statement and hold in abeyance until it was received his plea to be excused.

In the discussion Senator Smoot suggested that I go to Palm Beach and take his testimony. That seemed to me impracticable in view of the demands upon my time, but leave was given me to submit interrogatories to be answered in connection with his statement. But on attempting to draft such I became convinced that the effort to get the truth by that method would be unavailing and I signified to the Committee my willingness to go to Palm Beach. The proper authority to take his testimony was given and on the 11th of January he confronted me at "The Breakers."

I made the trip in the expectation that he would say that he had made the loan, intending to interrogate him as to the source from which the money was derived. I proposed to trace it to its source, either to his own private funds, kept in his own private account, or to some account earmarked in a manner that would permit following it to some other origin. I suspected that in some way it came from Sinclair and that I could follow it through various banking transactions to that source. It had not occurred to me that it might have come from Doheny, though it had been disclosed, — a fact of which Fall omitted to make any mention when on the stand, — that the whole of Naval Reserve No. 1 in California, 32,000 acres in area, estimated to contain 250,000,000 barrels of oil, had been on December 11, 1922, leased to Doheny, who afterwards told us that he too expected to make $100,000,000 out of his lease secured from Fall in the same secret manner as had characterized the Sinclair deal.

I was dumbfounded when McLean, evidently appreciating that he would be required to tell the bank upon which he drew to make the loan to Fall, should he adhere to his earlier story, frankly admitted that he never did loan the money to Fall, adding that he gave Fall his checks for that sum which were returned a few days later and destroyed without being cashed, the recipient

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asserting that he had arranged to secure the necessary elsewhere.

Now the affair could no longer be kept off the front page. Leading news gatherers sent representatives to Palm Beach to report the proceedings there; but the country was not fully aroused until on January 21 the Roosevelts went on the stand to relate their lurid story, and the climax was reached when on January 24 Doheny voluntarily appeared to tell that on November 30, 1921, he had loaned $100,000 to Fall without security, moved by old friendship and commiseration for his business misfortunes, negotiations between them then pending eventuating in the contract awarded to Doheny on April 25, following, through which he secured, without competition, a contract giving him a preference right to a lease of a large part of Naval Reserve No. 1, to be followed by the lease of the whole of it, as above recited.

Followed the appearance of Fall, forced by the Committee to come before it, after pleading inability on account of illness, to take refuge under his constitutional immunity, a broken man, the cynosure of the morbidly curious that crowded all approaches to the committee room and packed it to suffocation, vindicating the wisdom of the patriarch who proclaimed centuries ago that the way of the transgressor is hard.

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IS EINSTEIN WRONG?—A DEBATE

II — THE TRIUMPHS OF RELATIVITY

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

IN the June issue of THE FORUM *Professor Charles Lane Poor of Columbia University sought to prove that phenomena observed during recent solar eclipses have failed to justify the claims of Einstein's theory of relativity. In this second article of the debate Professor Henderson reaches the conclusion that the results of various expeditions, while not tallying in every particular with the predictions, are more favorable to Einstein than to Newton. He asserts that the Einstein theory rests upon solid foundations.*

ONE of the greatest triumphs which relativity has won is the purity and unimpeachableness of the mathematical framework upon which it rests. *There are no errors of Einstein.* Relativity rests upon certain assumptions which are ultimate: they cannot be proved or disproved. They can only be "checked up" by resort to physical experiments in verification of their logical consequences. To doubt relativity is simply to deny, — a perfectly legitimate procedure, if you please, — the premises upon which the theory rests. But to deny the validity of those premises without supplying others which explain all the physical phenomena explained by relativity, is to hold the wheels of the car of progress. It is to leave matters *in statu quo*, — in the disagreeable uncertainty and painful unsatisfactoriness in which they are now left (without relativity) by the classic or Newtonian mechanics. We must accept the theory of relativity, — if only provisionally, — since it offers us so much more than the older theories.

Nothing could be more appropriate in this connection than the words of Copernicus: "*Neque enim necesse est, eas hypotheses esse veras, imo ne verosimiles quidem, sed sufficit hoc unum, si calculum observationibus congruentem exhibeant.*" It is not necessary for the hypotheses upon which relativity rests to be universally and absolutely true, or even in accord with "common sense" so-called, but simply that they fit the facts, — that the relativistic calculations accord with observation and experiment. New triumphs in this respect are constantly being won by the theory of relativity. Scarcely a month passes which does not record some new verifica-

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tion of the Einstein predictions. A revolution, — a not wholly peaceful one, — has been wrought in our ways of thinking. No scientific theory is flawless; none can be sure of immortality. But it is safe to affirm that relativity is the theory of the future.

It has been wittily said by a clever sceptic that relativity is a vast inverted pyramid in unstable equilibrium with its apex resting upon the Michelson-Morley experiment. Nothing could be further from the truth. A study of the historical background and gradual evolution of the idea of relativity suffices to explode such a fallacious idea. Let us recall that since the days of Huyghens (1629–1695), and especially since Fresnel (1788–1827), the scientific world has gradually adopted the belief that light is propagated in waves through a substance, all-pervasive, known as the ether. Since the time of Maxwell, Hertz, Faraday, and other investigators of electro-magnetism in the closing years of the last century, light has come to be recognized as an electro-magnetic disturbance, — not to be explained as undulatory processes of the ether, but as electro-magnetic waves in the ether. A burning question, — which is one of the most perplexing of scientific puzzles to-day, — then arose: what is this space-filling, all pervasive substance called ether; what are its properties, its nature, its behavior?

According to the classic mechanics, three famous experiments gave rise to three wholly contradictory views regarding the ether and its behavior. In 1727, Bradley made his experiment regarding the aberration of light which demonstrated the movement of the "fixed" stars. According to the Newtonian theory, the only rational explanation of the phenomenon of aberration rested upon the assumption that the ether was stationary. In the first quarter of the last century, Fresnel showed that the Fizeau experiment on the propagation of light in flowing liquids is opposed to the assumption of a stationary ether or an ether carried along with the speed of the flowing liquid. The only rational explanation of the experiment was that the ether was partially dragged along by matter, — the amount of drag depending on the index of refraction of the particular type of matter involved.

The confusion of physicists was extreme, for here were three wholly reliable experiments which, according to classic mechanics, gave the following results: (1) the ether is stationary; (2) the

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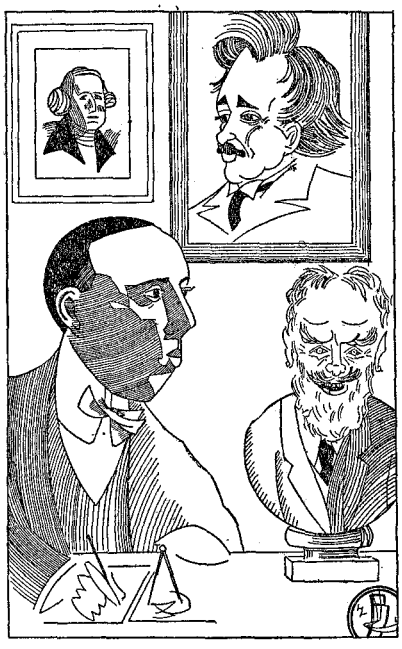
ether is partially dragged along by matter; (3) the ether is wholly dragged along by matter.

It was Einstein who, with extraordinary ingenuity, devised a theory which reconciled all three experiments. Fitzgerald and Lorentz invented a singular explanation of the Michelson experiment to the effect that bodies lying in the direction of motion contract by a specific calculable amount. This was a pure *ad hoc* assumption, and specially improbable in view of the assumption that the amount of contraction was wholly independent of the nature of the body in motion (being the same for wood as for steel, for example). Fitzgerald also invented an ingenious explanation of the null result of the Michelson experiment by assuming a "local time" in addition to and different from time as ordinarily calculated. This "*Eigenzeit*" or "local time" was a pure mathematical fiction, an *ad hoc* assumption of the most patent description. "This fashion and manner of justifying theoretically experiments with negative results by *ad hoc* hypotheses," Einstein has remarked, "is very unsatisfactory."



ARCHIBALD HENDERSON
Scientist, historian, man of letters, surrounded by his inspirers, Shaw, Einstein, and Washington, — writing with one hand, describing circles with the other. (*By Bohun Lynch*)

From his studies of the works of Maxwell, Faraday, and Hertz, Einstein was convinced that the laws of electro-magnetism were not compatible with the laws of classic mechanics. Of the two, Einstein decided to sacrifice the latter. He rested his faith in the implication of Maxwell: that the speed of electro-magnetic waves is the same in all directions. Accordingly he postulated the Principle of Light Velocity: the velocity of light in free space appears the same to all observers regardless of the relative motion of the source of light and the observer. This was a logical generalization

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from the Maxwell theories of electro-magnetism, the Michelson experiment, and astronomical experiments on binary stars. From the first two, Einstein drew the conclusion that at all times and in all directions, a light-ray moves past the earth-bound observer with the same speed; and from the last came the conclusion that the velocity of light is independent of the motion of the source of light.

Nature seemed to be in a conspiracy to defeat the physicist in his effort to detect the velocity of the earth through the ether. A mysterious compensation took place which led to a null result. Einstein boldly postulated (from the evidence of the Michelson experiment) that no means could be devised for detecting absolute motion; and consequently concluded that "absolute motion" is meaningless. Motion could only be relative. Now the classic principle of relativity, based on the Newtonian mechanics, asserts that, being given a first system of reference formed by the centre of gravity of the solar system and the direction of the "fixed" stars, we cannot distinguish, by any physical measures, the state of rest with respect to this system, from the state of movement, provided this movement be of uniform velocity and in a straight line. This was a law which applied only to mechanical phenomena; but since light, as employed in the Michelson experiment, was an electro-magnetic phenomenon, Einstein generalized the law in consonance with electro-magnetism in the following sweeping form as the Principle of Relativity: The laws of physical phenomena are the same when referred to one system of co-ordinates as when referred to another moving rectilinearly and uniformly with respect to the first.

At first, as Einstein himself has confessed, the difficulty of reconciling the principle of light velocity with the principle of relativity seemed insurmountable. According to our customary notions of time and space, these two principles are incompatible, — as investigation readily shows. Unwilling to give up either principle, Einstein determined to throw overboard the familiar, tacit assumptions of Newtonian mechanics:

The time-interval (time) between two events is independent of the condition of motion of the body of reference.

The space-interval (distance) between two points of a rigid body is independent of the condition of motion of the body of reference.

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The triumphs of the Restricted Theory of Relativity, with hich we have so far been dealing, are already notable. Restricted elativity, said Einstein in 1915, "offers a simple theory of oppler's principle, of aberration, of Fizeau's experiment. It ffirms the applicability of the Maxwell-Lorentz field equation in he electro-dynamics of rigid bodies. The laws of the scattering *Ablenkbarkeit*) of speedy Cathode rays and the simpler B-rays of adio-active substances, especially the law of motion of quickly noved material points, are established with the help of relativity vithout resort to particular hypothesis." The most important ontribution up to 1915, added Einstein, was the relation estab-ished between the inert mass of physical systems and their nergy content. More recently the theory has been applied with uccess by Sommerfeld to explain crucial phenomena and orbital ehavior of electrons in the extraordinary new Rutherford-Bohr lectronic theory of matter.

Thus Restricted Relativity has achieved the triumph of a rand synthesis, embracing electro-magnetism which includes ptics, all mechanics, all kinetic theory, hydrodynamics, and lasticity. By being unified, all physics has been simplified. Geometry has been reduced to mensuration. The observer carries is own trusty watch and foot-rule along with him. There is no world of "reality" behind the "shows" of observation. The "reality" of relativity is the accuracy of physical experiment. Relativity has succeeded in effecting the reconciliation of Physics and Metaphysics. The paradoxical phenomena of relativity are no more illusions than is all man's acquaintance with nature illusion.

In 1916, Einstein put forward his wide-going generalization known as Generalized Relativity, to replace the gravitational or Newtonian theory. How far-reaching relativity is may be seen from the fact that the Newtonian principle of relativity is a special case of Restricted Relativity, which is in turn a special case of Generalized Relativity. According to Newton, action at a distance takes place virtually instantaneously; for Laplace, starting from the Newtonian formulas, found that the speed of propagation of gravitation must be very much greater than seven million times the speed of light (186,330 miles per second). According to Einstein, gravitation is an action continuously

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propagated through space with the speed of light. According to Einstein, gravitation is replaced by inertia; and three-dimensional space is replaced by four-dimensional space-time. This space-time is more or less non-Euclidean, depending upon the strength of the gravitational field brought into being by the presence of matter which is now generally regarded as electric or electro-magnetic in character. At a very great distance from matter, space-time is Euclidean or "flat;" but it becomes more and more "curved" (non-Euclidean) the more matter there is in the neighborhood. Matter sets up a field in its neighborhood which effects a warp or strain in space, which will cause a particle entering it to deviate from a rectilinear course (for example, a ray of light from a star entering the field of the sun's influence).

The Newtonian law of gravitation may be stated as follows: bodies attract each other directly as the product of the masses and inversely proportional to the square of the distance apart. If a transformation be effected in the Newtonian formula of gravitation, in order to give rise to the Einstein formula, this requires the abandonment of the above law, — which would nullify the validity of the conclusions of astronomers, according to the gravitational theory, regarding the movements of the heavenly bodies. Bodies would then have to attract each other in such a way as to be inversely proportional to a number *greater* than the square of the distance apart. Hall and Newcomb were compelled to abandon such a theory, which they advanced to explain the perihelial motion of Mercury, since it threw the whole Newtonian cosmogony out of gear. The suggestion that a transformation be effected in the Newtonian formula in order to give the Einstein formula is inadmissible, — save as an out-and-out abandonment of Newtonian mechanics for Einstein mechanics. To a first approximation, Einstein's formula agrees with Newton's formula; but this is no reason for the abandonment of Einstein's theory, which, as we shall see, explains many physical phenomena wholly unexplained by the Newtonian theory.

It is certainly very extraordinary, considering the fundamental differences of the two theories regarding space, time, matter, gravitation, and practically all the physical factors involved, that the two formulas should agree in a first approximation. A consequence of this is that, thus far, only three experiments have

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been suggested for comparing the validity of the two theories. First may be mentioned the motion of Mercury's perihelion or the rotation of the orbit in space. According to the Newtonian formulas, the unexplained discrepancy amounts to some thirty-eight to forty-one seconds per century. The Einstein formula, derived according to Generalized Relativity, gives forty-three seconds of arc per century, — a remarkable evidence of the power of Einstein's theory. The masses of scattered matter between Mercury and the sun have never been shown, by any reputable astronomer, to be sufficient in either size or position to account in any remotely approximate way for the perihelial motion of Mercury. Einstein's formula has no bearing on the change of the eccentricity; nor is it scientific to expect the Einstein theory to account for a computed alteration in the eccentricity derived from the Newtonian mechanics. Einstein's formula has removed the principal discordance in the discrepancies for the four inner planets, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, — namely that for the perihelion of Mercury, which on the Newtonian was nearly thirty times the probable error! Of the fifteen residuals, eight exceed the probable error and three exceed twice the probable error, — as Eddington says, "as nearly as possible the proper proportion."

The next test has attracted the attention of the entire world. In the former test, Einstein derived a formula to give a known result. In the present case, he *predicted* by his equation the amount of deflection of a light-ray from a star just grazing the limb of the sun. The intimation in some quarters that Einstein juggled with his formula by arbitrarily inserting the factor is based upon a complete ignorance of the facts. Einstein originally derived a formula, based on Restricted Relativity (gravitation disregarded), which agreed with the Newtonian result, as derived by von Soldner on the corpuscular theory. The formula which Einstein later derived, from the Generalized Theory (gravitation operating, as it must, — or to use the Einstein terminology, the electric field setting up a warp in space in the sun's neighborhood), was the same as his first formula, multiplied by the number. The derivation is mathematically unimpeachable; any question of this is scientifically untenable. Newton's theory gives 0.87 seconds of arc. All the evidence so far, — the results of two British

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expeditions, the Canadian expedition, and the American (W. H. Crocker) expedition, — all support Einstein's theory.

According to the report of the British expeditions, "Both of these results point to the full deflection 1.75 seconds of Einstein's generalized relativity theory, the Sobral results definitely, and the Principe results perhaps with some uncertainty." According to the report of Professor Chant, head of the Canadian expedition, their results supported the Einstein theory, although not to close accuracy. The result of the Lick Observatory expedition (W. H. Crocker) announced by Professor W. W. Campbell, 2.05 seconds of arc, definitely supports the Einstein theory, — since the result, instead of falling in value between 0.87 seconds (Newton) and 1.75 seconds (Einstein), is greater than Einstein's value, and falls on Einstein's side of the line! For while it is only 17 per cent greater than the Einstein prediction, it is 136 per cent greater than the Newton prediction! The influence, however, of the earth's atmosphere is a question of very great importance which remains in obscurity at the present time. It may even turn out that the earth's atmosphere causes the discrepancy of 17 per cent between the results of the Lick Observatory expedition and the Einstein prediction. The results of the Sproul Observatory expedition are awaited by scientists with the keenest interest, for the light they may throw upon the effect of the earth's atmosphere and the deviation of the light-rays in a direction contrary to that predicted by the Einstein theory.

Einstein himself has said that he was willing for his entire relativity theory to stand or fall upon the result of the third test. In the intense gravitational field of the sun, all the spectrum (Frauenhofer) lines from a stellar (or solar) source should be shifted slightly toward the red end. According to the General Relativity theory, the light from a solar source, for example, should be of greater period and greater wave length (that is, redder) than that from a terrestrial source. This is based on the very reasonable assumptions that: a vibrating atom (of electronic disturbance) is a natural clock; and a sodium atom (for example) on the sun is precisely like, in character and function, a sodium atom on the Earth. Recent experiments by Pérot, Fabry and Buisson, and Evershed have verified to a close approximation the predicted Einstein shift, — an indescribably minute quantity,

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0.008 Angstrom units. The recent spectacular results of Dr. St. John at Mt. Wilson Observatory, Pasadena, California, since his former observations (conducted, however, under inadmissible conditions) gave a null value, have been heralded to the world, — showing 91 per cent of the predicted Einstein shift.

The Einstein theory rests upon the beauty of its structure, the range of its generalizations, the soundness of its assumptions which all rest solidly upon unimpeachable experimental evidence, the impeccability of its mathematics. Its formulas have been derived in various ways, by many investigators, and proved to be without flaw. In relativity there are no transformations and approximations of doubtful validity. The validity of relativity is not *proved* by the three experiments: they serve to check the soundness of the fundamental postulates. So far, in the contest between the Newton and Einstein theories, all the triumphs have gone to relativity.

TO HENRY FORD

WITTER BYNNER

Have you ever read a poem, Henry Ford?
Perhaps you will notice this one about you.

How would it be to choose for President
The richest and the simplest man alive,
Whose only gospel is the gospel of work,
And whose major faith is faith in Henry Ford? —
That eye, that quick shrewd eye, to watch a country!

We laughed at you, your road-louse, your tin Lizzie,
Laughed at your ship of peace in time of war,
Called you to witness, made a fool of you,
Mocked you to death and went about our business;
But now we think of you for President.

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What do you think of us who thought of you
So ill a while ago, lately so well?
What is your private judgment, Henry Ford,
Of a somersault like this, heels over head,
A tipsy people calling ourselves temperate,
A loutish people calling ourselves alert,
Yes, a ridiculous people, Henry Ford,
Blatant and swaggering and full of wind,
Ignorant, apathetic, cruel, dead,
So busy and so dead? — for none alive
Of all the nations upon earth has dared
To hallow war as we have dared, to jail
Such men as were honest and to honor such men
As were false. Our souls lie mouldering in their graves.

Are you the man appointed, Henry Ford?
Are you another who can raise the dead?
Would you raise a Jew from the grave, by baiting him,
Or an American, with gasoline?

I met you for a moment, during the war,
A little gray man with an honest eye,
And on your nose — there at the very tip,
I see it still — was a bruise, a scab, a token,
You spoke of it yourself. "It came," you said,
"From studying a tractor-wheel too close."

Would you venture to say again what you said to me then,
"When will the war end? Well, sir, it will end
When the idlers have killed enough workers to feel safe?"
Would you venture to say of Russia, for example,
"When the workers have killed enough idlers to feel safe?"

Would you knock your nose again, as President?
Or would you enter through the eye of a needle,
Pulling the country after you like a thread,
Into a heaven made of smoke and brick,
With sweat for crowns and dinner-pails for wings,
And with living wages from the God of Things?

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DEMOCRATS*

A Baker's Dozen

Cartoons By

OSCAR CESARE

Text By

HOMER JOSEPH DODGE

*Since Mr. Dodge nominated thirteen candidates for selection at the Democratic National Convention, the editors have heard the muffled rumblings of other booms. There is, for example, Governor Joseph Taylor Robinson of Arkansas, who we are told is Colonel Harvey's favorite; John Barton Payne, Chairman of the American Red Cross; and Homer S. Cummings of Connecticut. And many others. The editors would have liked to include them in the following pages, but space forbids. We can only wish them luck, — all of them.

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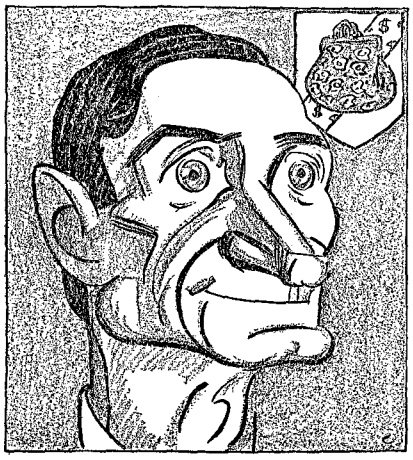

WILLIAM G. McADOO

Secretary of the Treasury, 1913–18

HALF a century ago zestful young men, with visions in their heads put their meagre belongings in carpetbags and went south seeking new worlds to conquer. They were called carpetbaggers. By a curious phenomenon of nomenclature the term carpetbagger has always been applied to the south bound. There seems to be no valid reason why that graphic label should not be pasted upon men like William Gibbs McAdoo who stowed his celluloid collar, his extra dickey and, perhaps, a toothbrush, in his carpet bag and adventured northward. Woodrow Wilson did the same thing. Both were carpetbaggers, northward bound. That they conquered the world none may doubt. In New York, Mr. McAdoo was not precisely an outcast, but somehow he did not belong. Wall Street abhors him. Stopped at every turning in the realization of his vision, he yet dug through, and today the Hudson tunnels stand as a triumph of his engineering and financing legerdemain. But Wall Street doesn't like it. Wall Street frowned on the enterprise and is in ill humor because it cannot say: "I told you so."

After being Woodrow Wilson's campaign manager, Mr. McAdoo became Secretary of the Treasury. He has been called the greatest Secretary since Alexander Hamilton. So has Mr. Mellon. But Mr. McAdoo was the lion in the Treasury while Mr. Mellon is the mouse. Mr. Mellon has accumulated cheese for the Government while Mr. McAdoo spent it. As Director General of Railroads, with one stroke he handed the American railroad men millions in wage increases. With another, he took those millions from the shippers in increased railroad rates. He ran a thirty-ring circus during the war. And like the fairy prince, he married the King's daughter, — Eleanor Wilson. Now he is a Californian and the cartoonists draw him in chaps. But he is primarily a lean and hungry southern carpetbagger, northward bound, — a sort of twentieth century Andrew Jackson. He may be President some day. Who knows!

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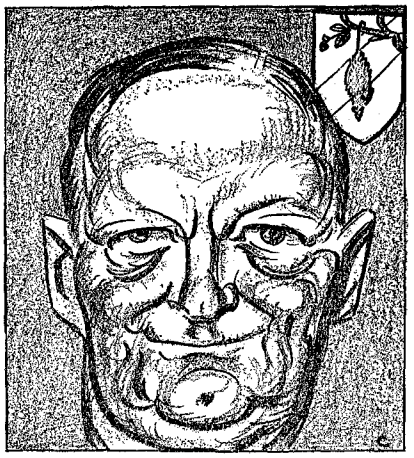
OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

Democratic Leader of Senate



IF counting sheep jumping over a gate, if repeating the multiplication table, if reading the Congressional Record or if the application of the mind to any extremely monotonous recitative is an anodyne to conquer insomnia, the reading of the list of Congresses of which Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama has been a member is recommended to all afflicted. Composing the limbs comfortably, start in by saying: "He was a member of the Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, Fifty-eighth —" and so on right through the Fifties and then into the Sixties. The chances are the insomniac will be asleep before he reaches the current Congress which finds Mr. Underwood in the Senate.

There is something large and calm about Senator Underwood. He has a soothing temperament and gives that impression of imperturbable dignity which is instinctively associated with the office of United States Senator but seldom experienced since ratification of the Seventeenth Amendment. It is not merely a pictorial weightiness which he has; his solidity is of the sort which progresses steadily along and gets things done, each in its proper time.

When he was Majority Leader of the House, they say he would work in his office while an important measure was under general debate in the Hall. Then, he would glance at his watch and remark: "Let them talk for another twenty minutes and then we'll pass the bill." On the dot, he would walk into the House, glance around, and quietly make the necessary motion to put the bill on its final passage. The House would act immediately and without question. As Minority Leader he was almost as effective and always in the same smooth way.

As a Presidential candidate, he would proceed through the campaign with the same imperturbability. There would be no fireworks. But if the American people want an efficient, conservative but undramatic Chief Executive in the White House, he may be President some day. Who knows!

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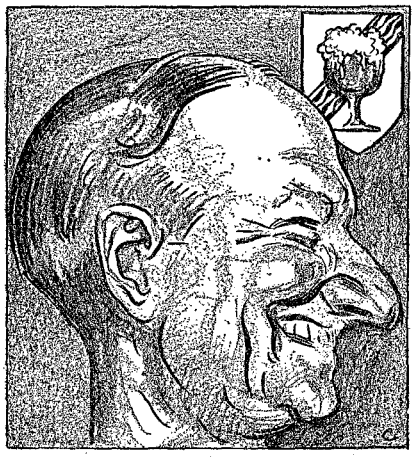

ALFRED E. SMITH

Governor of New York

CALL it tradition, superstition or what you will, a large mass of American conversationalists are convinced that no Roman Catholic ever can be elected President of the United States. But the supporters of Al Smith say that the disqualification relates only to Romanists bearing such names as Murphy or O'Donohue and by no means operates against any of the Smith brotherhood. A Murphy, it is admitted, is pretty certain to be primarily a Catholic; a Smith is as certain to be first of all an American, then a Smith, with the Catholicism also running.

What sterling, hundred-per-cent-plus, Nordic American can frown upon one bearing such names as Al and Smith, ask his friends? To turn away from a man who, in urchinhood, worked in a fish market, who was a newsboy and who typifies all that is best on the sidewalks of New York, is to betray the ideals of this nation. Is it possible the American people will permit one born in a log cabin to reach the White House while they close the part to a barefoot fish-child?

Rising young men in public life have asserted that they keep away from Al Smith because they want to continue their rise. To stay at his side is to become so thoroughly a Smith man that one cannot be his own man. They say he casts a spell, a charm over all who remain long in his presence, — even long enough to vote.

Al Smith probably is the first Roman Catholic who many people have seriously believed could be elected President. They recognize that he would have the opposition of the type of crusading Protestant who believes that Rome reigns secretly all over the world and that Jess Smith got the red hats for the two new Cardinals. Nevertheless, they believe enough other Americans live who can be convinced that a fundamental difference exists between Catholics of the name of Smith and Catholics of the name of Murphy. If being the most personally popular man in the United States can help a man politically, he may be President some day. Who knows!

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CARTER GLASS

Senator from Virginia

THE Congressional Directory says concerning Carter Glass that he was lected to the Fifty-Seventh '*and ill succeeding Congresses until he resigned.*' Carter Glass is a Virginian in the same sense that John Randolph of Roanoke was, — that is to say, a Virginian. He has a degree from William and Mary College, and one must remember that that institution of learning was functioning a considerable time before the rebellious conspiracy was hatched which resulted in this great and glorious republic. Carter Glass is a little man, physically. They say, in the parlance of paved streets, that, mounted on stilts, he could walk under the bureau to find a collar button. But he is a big man when it comes to getting things done. As everybody knows, newspapers are usually an insatiable vacuum demanding an ever-increasing investment of money. Not so Mr. Glass' paper at Lynchburg, Va. Mr. Glass has been heard to say that he has supported the dignity of the portfolio of Secretary of the Treasury and the seat of a Senator in Congress (to say nothing of a stock farm) out of the proceeds of his newspaper.

He has all the idiosyncrasies that recommend a man to the cartoonists. He never uses profane language. When a child of eight, he became enraged by the taunts of some other boys, — probably about his violent red hair. He stooped down to pick up a stone, — being willing to cast the first one at his vituperators. Upon his lips was a torrent of evil words. His outstretched hand touched something which he grasped. Lo! it was a snake. Never since that day has he said anything purpler than "dad bum."

Carter Glass has a trick of talking with his lower lip curled down so far that it drags over to one side of his face. An old schoolmate of his has said, *apropos* of this peculiarity, that he is the only man in the world who can whisper in his own ear. He has done big things and has served the American nation well, even if he does take time to serve as a member of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia as well as a Senator. He may be President of the United States some day. Who knows!

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SAMUEL M. RALSTON

Governor of Indiana, 1913–17

AMERICAN politics constitutes the great national drama. In the old days we are reliably informed, the play was the thing. In these times of the movie, the play is utterly negligible, — the type is the thing. The actress no longer is famed for pure and general art. She must be a specialist. This one plays mothers. That one plays vamps. This man is chained to the part of beguiled mortgage-ridden farmer; that one is well paid for playing wayward sons. A place for everyone, and everyone in his place. The place for Samuel M. Ralston, a Senator from Indiana, is in the part of honest country lawyer. But a few yards from the end of the film, his rugged eloquence and compelling honesty, proven beyond cavil by his wintry locks, snatch the jury of village blacksmiths and bough-sparing woodmen from the danger of committing injustice and, obtaining a verdict in defiance of all technicalities, send the slick city lawyer with his perjured witnesses sneaking out the back door to escape the mob.

A plain, old-fashioned American who speaks right out! Simple, modest and strong, his escape from a $5,000-a-week contract bearing a Hollywood date line, is inexplicable. He never has departed from the type. He has worked hard at the law and has an excellent record as Governor of Indiana. He does not scheme politically. Not long ago a caller caught him soliloquizing after a reporter had sought a statement on his candidacy. He was saying to himself: "Old Sam Ralston, President of the United States! No. It's not possible. The job's too big for Old Sam Ralston."

The Ku Klux Klan and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, — two organizations said to include several of the plain people, — fight for the honor of having elected him to the Senate. His supporters say he has three strong points in his favor: he comes from Indiana, he is a friend of Tom Taggart and his record is as clean as a cat's whisker.* He is the Warren G. Harding of the Democratic Party. He may be President some day. Who knows!

* Feline, not radio.

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JAMES A. REED

Senator from Missouri

NOT a few leaders of men have become famous in history because of the agged breaks they made with ven greater men. We have Catane and Cicero and, save the ıark, no less an example than udas Iscariot and Jesus of Nazreth! In modern prize fights it arely is a case of winner take all. here is a consolation purse and nuch prestige for the man who put the champion to the trouble of defending and asserting his title. Such a man, — a man who ose to national prominence because he was quarrelsome, — is ames A. Reed, a Senator of the United States from Missouri. Ie broke with Woodrow Wilson.

He is what people call a two-fisted fighter. The first bout with Vilson was over the St. Louis post office. Mr. Wilson thought Mr. Reed's demands purely Selphish in view of the fact that his andidate, Colin M. Selph, had, in the President's opinion, no laim to the office except that he had been a campaign manager or Mr. Reed. Reed won this bout and Selph was named.

Then the President sent to the Senate the nomination of Thomas D. Jones of Chicago, a Princeton classmate, to be a nember of the Federal Reserve Board. He wrote a letter explaining that the appointment was "peculiarly personal." Senator Reed took alarm and discovering that Mr. Jones had been a director (holding one share of stock) in the International Harvester Corporation, attacked him with the implication that he was a sort of farming implement for the trust, sent to cultivate the Treasury. He carried the fight to such a bitter length that Mr. Jones' name was withdrawn.

He has been credited with wielding the heaviest sledge in the breaking of the heart of the world by defeating ratification of the League of Nations. That his majority has nearly doubled each of the three times he has been sent to the Senate indicates that his State likes truculent representation. Verily, he is a Reed shaken with the wind of contest. Inasmuch as he was born in Ohio, he may be President some day. Who knows!

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ROYAL S. COPELAND

Senator from New York

SPEAKING of operations have you ever given a thought to the manner in which destiny operates? The story goes that the board of strategy which rules New York City politics was in session in the City Hall cudgeling its joint and several brains to find just the right sort of up-and-coming candidate to fill out the ticket for city doctor. One or more members of the Board gazed out upon the people hastening across City Hall Park. The eye of some far seeing strategist was caught by a young man who seemed to be outstripping the other pedestrians. He dashed out, collared him and asked him how he would like to be Doctor to the Four Million. Royal S. Copeland had no objection.

Since then, similar operations have been performed. Just at the right time, Dr. Copeland has been seen hurrying along and has been invited to take office. He never refuses. Also he never refuses interviews. He never refuses to sell health hints to newspaper syndicates. He is singularly accommodating in permitting his name to be printed. There is about the Doctor an air of just taking public office *en passant*. His autobiography in the Congressional Directory says: "During his residence in Ann Arbor he was mayor of the city, president of board of education," — and a lot of other things. The impression given is that he merely happened to be there and could not refuse the offices thrust upon him.

His complaisance extends to an apparently chronic inability to refrain from joining things. Who else can be named offhand who is a member of the Epworth League, Delta Kappa Epsilon, and the Transportation Club? Who else can be found contemporaneously on the rolls of the Mystic Shrine, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and the Knights of the Maccabees? What other man is a member of the Stationary Engineers Local and also of the Houvenkopf Country Club? Who else indeed can be identified as a member of the National Stewards' Association and the United States Senate? His joining may not cease until he has joined the White House. Who knows?

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JAMES M. COX

Presidential Nominee, 1920

McGUFFEY'S READERS and other solid literature of that ilk make it clear that the typical American should be one born in humble but clean surroundings of poor but honest parents. He should walk at least five miles across difficult country to a one-room schoolhouse which absolutely must be red in hue. If, by any chance, his hardworking father's house stands nearer than that to the school, he must go to another sufficiently distant. His youthful exploits must come up to the James Whitcomb Riley-Mark Twain standard. He must read law in face of seemingly insuperable difficulties and, after extraordinary hardships he then is scheduled to become the president of a great corporation, an eminent jurist, or a spell-binding statesman.

McGuffey flourished in a past century. His tenets have become outworn. There is a new typical American. His early youth may show some traces of the Victorian influence, but the twentieth century must find him klad in Klassy Kiwanis Klothes. He must sit perpetually in conferences. He must think rightly about Bolshevism. He must be convinced that the Declaration of Independence is important but must beware of studying it. As a member of the Rotary Club he must inject lots of pep into his business and his town and put things over in a big way. He need not know the difference between an anodyne and a neutrodyne but he must be able to discuss the latter glibly. To get there, of course, he must have ability or something. If possible, he should also be the proprietor of a flourishing newspaper, preferably in Ohio. Dayton will do nicely.

Four years ago the nation escaped by the narrow margin of a few million votes the elevation of the typical American (new style) to the Presidency in the person of James M. Cox of Ohio. The tide had not then turned. The man elected approached nearer to the old ideal. If the intervening years have accomplished the transition and the country is ready for the super-Rotarian, Mr. Cox may be President. Who knows!

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JOHN W. DAVIS

Ambassador to England, 1918–21

JOHN DAVIS is one of those men concerning whom every one instantly says: "Of course he could not be elected President because he is a corporation lawyer for the Morgan interests." He also is one of those men who occasion deep sighs from solid people and such expressions as: "If only we could have such a man."

There, nevertheless, is a wide divergence in the schools of thought concerning this august barrister. It has been said that he is the one man in the United States who could attain the highest office, even were he afflicted with feeble-mindedness, because of his universal reputation for having more brains than commonly are allotted to the sons of men. With such a reputation, what need of the actual acumen!

But the stories which come from London, arising from his sojourn there as Mr. Wilson's Ambassador, are of a different color. John Davis is the sort of man, we are told from a source close to Westminster Abbey, Trafalgar Square, the Cheshire Cheese, the Tower of London, and Holborn Hill, who would be invited to a party of eight rather than to a party of forty, — verily a tribute to his personal charm and his intellect. But, — and this is important in a land where there are more lovers' lanes than there are Broadways (and where women vote), — would he be just the sort of warm personality who would be welcome at a party of two?

He is svelt in appearance, suave in manner, and has a high opinion of the laws as a benignant institution which, he thinks, should be upheld, as Andrew Jackson thought his country should, — to wit, right or wrong. He is the Charles Evans Hughes of the Democratic Party, — without the whiskers! A Representative in Congress, a Solicitor General of the United States, an Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Honorable Bencher of the Middle Temple (England), a President of the American Bar Association, why should he not some day be a President of the United States? Who knows!

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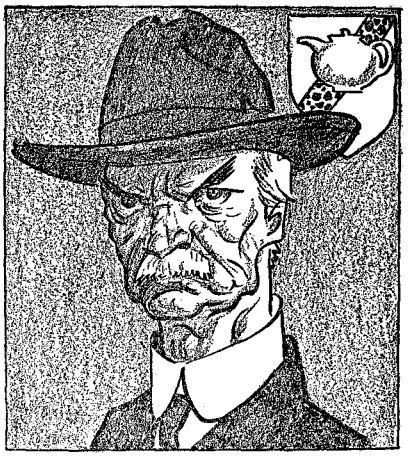
THOMAS J. WALSH

Senator from Montana



NO student of human affairs who possesses a philosophical turn of mind has escaped the conviction that there is something admirably efficient about the deliberate, well-organized manner in which the Walrus and the Carpenter in Lewis Carroll's ballad of that title go about their affairs and accomplish their purpose. A composite of the two, it must be admitted, would produce the ideal legislator or executive. Such striking attributes as an inquiring mind, nicely balanced by moderate skepticism, coolness and decision in carrying out a program, and the unstrained quality of pity, held in leash, however, to prevent it from interfering with the business in hand, would all be present in any such being.

Where shall one turn in the present day to find this manner of man if not to Thomas J. Walsh, a Senator from Montana? The Walrus and the Carpenter wept to see such quantities of sand. Senator Walsh weeps to see such quantities of oil. The Walrus wondered if the sand ever could be cleaned up. The Carpenter doubted it. Senator Walsh combines both reactions in the matter of oil.

Senator Walsh is essentially legal in thought. He proceeds along lines of cold logic, — proceeds slowly but with deadly certainty. His first efforts to represent his community were unsuccessful. He was beaten for Congress in 1906. With cool determination he started building from the ground, and through his efforts a Democratic Legislature was elected in Montana. He appeared before it as candidate for the Senate but failed of the election. He kept at it and finally became a member of that body in 1912.

To understand the zeal, industry, and strength of purpose that actuate this non-breezy Westerner, one has only to turn to the leading article in this issue of the FORUM.

The unperturbed method of plodding legally along has never failed him. If persisted in, it may make him President some day. Who knows!

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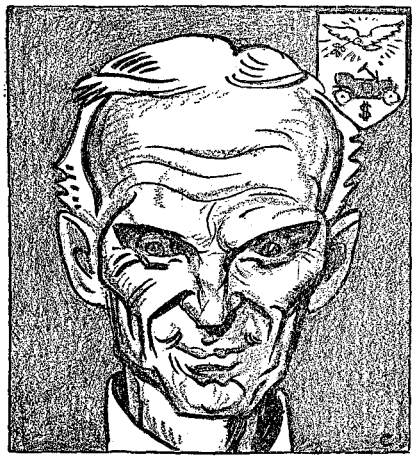

HENRY FORD

Candidate for Senate, 1918

THE Romans maintained their Aediles to provide the public games; the mediaeval feudatories put on tournaments and sent knights errant pricking about the land to give entertainment; the Republican Administration conducts investigations where fertile-minded witnesses perform. There is progress in all ages and it seems the time has come for a change. This is an age of system, of efficiency. Why not put on the greatest show on earth in the form of application of the quantity production method to public affairs?

Outside each polling booth would be a long belt. Public functionaries would grab passers-by and throw them on the belt. It would pass through a sort of separator which mechanically would grind up the Jews and the military men and mechanically inscribe ballots for Henry Ford. The Electoral College would be changed to a correspondence school. The White House would be a hive of industry. Moving belts would wind in and out of every room. Callers would be brought in on belts, which would take them right on through without stopping. Nominations would be sent to the Senate on belts. Public acts, messages, state papers, commissions would be signed, twenty-two at a time, by use of a check-signing device. At public receptions, the guests would line up while Mr. Ford would pass by, riding on a belt, shaking hands as he went. The Cabinet would be changed into a cost-accounting bureau. Each member of the legislative branch of the Government would be assigned one word to write in each new bill. The sole duty of a Representative in Congress for two years conceivably might be the placing of a comma. A Senator might spend six years in writing "whereas." There would be no foreign affairs because there would be no belts long enough to reach overseas.

He does everything on the quantity production basis. He makes enormous quantities of automobiles, an enormous amount of peace propaganda, enormous prejudices, and enormous sums of money. If he can apply these methods to obtaining ballots, he may be President some day. Who knows!

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ALBERT C. RITCHIE

Governor of Maryland

EVERY man in the world who has won to even the foothill pinnacles of fame has done so as a result of unique qualifications. Some of them are positive, — such as Achilles', who lived before the days of rubber heels, — some are negative, such as the Man's in the Iron Mask, who apparently had a premonition of the powers of modern caricaturists. Albert C. Ritchie, the Governor of Maryland, seems to belong to the negative class, for the reason that he did not hail from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The Eastern Shore is famous for oysters, estuaries, and governors. It is said that if one's automobile breaks down on one of those smooth, black velvet roads of the Eastern Shore and a volunteer steps out of the bushes to help change a tire, it will be discovered he is a former governor of the State. If, in a sudden shower, one dashes into the nearest doorway for shelter, he will find that door opened by a former chief magistrate of the proprietary.

But Albert C. Ritchie is a Baltimore man to whom the rights of the sovereign states are as sacred as the broad *a* is to a Bostonian. He got a job as People's Counsel of the City of Baltimore at a time when a big fight over the price of illuminating gas was pending. Mr. Ritchie won the case for the people; so it was inevitable that he should become Attorney General of the most mediaeval State surviving in the American union. The Governor's chair was equally inevitable.

Since that time he has preached States' Rights with telling effect. A curious fact is that he is Bernard N. Baruch's second choice, and this may be very significant in view of the heavy deficit the Democratic Committee is reported to possess. Another curious thing is that while everybody calls the Governor of New York "Al," nobody calls the Governor of Maryland "Al." He is "the Governor." If the American people incline to the idea that centralization has been carried too far in the Federal Government and that the States should defend their rights, he may be President some day. Who knows!

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DAVID F. HOUSTON

Former Secretary of Agriculture

A PROPHET is not without honor save in his own country according to the most reliable guide to human affairs which we have. David Houston, while not precisely a farmer, was a professor at a college which boasted a course in celery growing as one of the bright, particular opportunities of its curriculum. When Woodrow Wilson announced that he was to be a member of his cabinet as Secretary of Agriculture, the newspaper world had a bad half hour. The editors, reporters, copy-readers, copy-boys and printers' devils looked him up in Who's Who and, finding him, were sure that he could not be the man. He was too obscure. But he was!

Down at the pansy-environed Department, Mr. Houston did not make much of a hit. The caravenseri of husbandmen did not click with him, somehow. He knew all about farming but he was a little too academic for what we in Washington call the dirty farmers.

So the President moved him up to the Treasury in succession to the brilliant economist, Carter Glass. He received many callers there, most of them southerners who sought to play upon his sympathies by announcing that they had married somebody's second cousin. At the Treasury, Mr. Houston proved that the man with the hoe is the best man in the world to till the till. His utterances were heralded as the soundest financial doctrine which ever had come from a farm hand. He continued the running start which Mr. Glass had made in getting the nation out of debt. He told the Reparations Commission things more eloquent than, as Secretary of Agriculture, he ever had told the National Grange.

They say in Washington that when good Secretaries of the Treasury die (officially) they go to a heaven builded by expansive financial corporations. Mr. Houston did. Which proves that he must have been a good Secretary of the Treasury and the Treasury being so important, he may be President some day. Who knows!

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FOUR YEARS OF EQUAL SUFFRAGE

EDNA KENTON

NO one knows, least of all the politicians, how far the still untested power of the woman vote consciously or unconsciously affects legislation, nor whether women as a whole are conservative or revolutionary in politics. Indirect influence has passed an epoch-making equal rights law in Wisconsin, the Sheppard-Towner Maternity bill, the Independent Citizenship for Married Women bill, and many State laws removing discriminations against women. Women's influence has acted as an invisible check.

IN November the women citizens of the United States, — the voting women number about twenty-three million, — will have their second opportunity to take part in a presidential election. The Equal Suffrage Amendment passes its fourth anniversary in August, and this is no inopportune time to take brief inventory of its workings to date and its results social and economic, direct and indirect, tangible and intangible.

The first glad result of equal suffrage was the blank cessation of a discussion that had dragged out its weary length for seventy-five years. As the topic of the hour, the notable "Cause" died overnight. A widely predicted result was that the two great national organizations of women which had put the Nineteenth Amendment over, — The National League of Women Voters and The National Woman's Party, — having finished their work, would disband. At last women had what they wanted — the vote. What more, asked the harrassed politicians and the bored bystanders, remained for them but to join some one of the great or small political parties and vote, vote, in season and out?

They voted in large numbers at the Harding election, and every hamlet with a news sheet gave them a front page feature story. When it was discovered that the total vote cast was less than fifty per cent of the eligible men and women voters in the country, some caustic or kindly editorials on "Women's Use of Their Voting Privilege" followed, and then came silence. They voted at ensuing elections as citizens instead of sights to be seen. Many of them joined one or another of the political parties; a lesser number joined political clubs; the vast majority did nothing to indicate that the vote had changed the current of their lives. Life, in a word, had absorbed twenty-three million women into its voting population with no more than a momentary ripple of the surface.

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Marriage, the home, the State had survived; no odd feministic millenium had dawned. "The Vote," the great guerdon withheld for years, had proved no more than a vote, and had lost, along with its capitals, its power to incite to agitation. Above all the two women's organizations, thorns in the sides of politicians for years, were quiescent, were perhaps winding up their finished affairs and going out of business.

Then suddenly, in 1921, something happened up in Wisconsin. Its legislature passed a blanket law giving women all rights under the law possessed by men. Let us quote the Wisconsin Equal Rights law, since its workings are likely to constitute a valuable speciman case for some time to come:

> "Women shall have the same rights and privileges under the law as men in the exercise of suffrage, freedom of contract, choice of residence for voting purposes, jury service, holding office, holding and conveying of property, care and custody of children, and in all other respects. The various courts, executive and administrative officers shall construe the statutes where the masculine gender is used to include the feminine gender unless such construction shall deny to females the special protection and privileges they now enjoy for the general welfare."

Strong indication this is, and within a year after the Equal Suffrage Amendment was passed, that something women want was left out of it. For, not at all because they are brutes but because they are human, men do not vote to women rights equal in all respects to theirs, unless they are very sure that the women who have equal suffrage want equal rights also.

In this same year something happened in Congress. For three years the Sheppard-Towner Maternity bill had been before it, providing for Federal coöperation with the States in promoting the welfare of maternity and infancy. Until the passage of the Equal Suffrage Amendment, Congress's interest in this bill was marked by extreme languor, though it continued to vote worthy millions for the intensive study and welfare of sheep, cattle, hogs, and horses. In 1921 the bill was "passed by both Houses by an overwhelming vote" and human mothers and infants were given a little board and a little appropriation of their own. It was not much, but it was more than mothers had received of Federal recognition before, and because of what it can lead to, it may be marked down as an extremely impor-

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tant immediate, indirect, social, and economic result of equal suffrage.

A year later something happened in Congress magnificently and crudely symbolic of a nation's unconsciously changing psychology, — the passage of the bill providing Independent Citizenship for Married Women. It passed the House by a vote of 206 to 9, and passed the Senate without a dissenting vote. It not only removed the greatest Federal disability remaining to women, but it wrote into the Federal law a refreshing bit of modernity. Actually it affects and will affect but few American women, but its implications go deeper than Congress probably is aware of to this day. What it says is that an American woman is an American citizen irrespective of marriage with a foreigner. What it implies is that full citizenship, — the great fundamental thing in national and international law, — goes hand in hand with the power to vote; that this nation, since the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment, has made a revaluation of its female children to the end that nevermore will one of its daughters pass by grace of marriage only into the hands of another nation; that a voting citizen is an individual with rights irrespective of sex or marriage; that if the nation's greatest gift, full citizenship, cannot be taken from women by marriage, no State's lesser privileges can much longer be withheld from married women.

Again, in Congress, last December, something happened, — the proposed Lucretia Mott Amendment to the Constitution came up for its first reading: "Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction."

Any legislator, State or Federal, who thought in 1920 that the Nineteenth Amendment had seen an end of the "woman movement" and had not thought further, knew then that he had reckoned without the text of that amendment and without the texts of myriad State laws discriminating against women which the amendment did not change. If he was not aware before, he has since become aware that the long fight for equal suffrage was no more than an entering wedge for a drastic program of law revision both State and Federal. He is revising his easy conclusion that what women wanted was the vote. For he is perceiving that by the time they were given it they wanted it no more than he

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wants it, nor for any reasons other than his, — to gain by it what they want. He is realizing too that, with every year they were denied it, they had been given an added year of free political education, and that the cumulative entirety of seventy-five years of such education is back of their legislative programs today. Whether he admits it or not, he knows that it will not take another seventy-five years to put these programs over.

"Removal of legal discriminations against women," and "Equal rights, irrespective of sex or marriage" are what the organised women voters are asking today. The Nineteenth Amendment enfranchised them, but it did not provide they should have the same rights and privileges under the Constitution and laws of the United States as men. It did not remove civil or legal disabilities, inequalities, or other discriminations of law against women by reason of sex or marriage. It did not give women the status that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments gave colored citizens. It gave them simply the power to vote, and the women who had worked for it knew a task more involved and difficult lay ahead than the one they had finished. Small wonder that they should stay quiescent for a space while they deliberated, reorganised, and planned the campaigns. Their programs are before the country today, sharply defined.

The National League of Women Voters, — inheritors by direct descent of the old Woman's Rights Party of 1848, — is backing an extensive program of specific legislation in the States to remove legal discriminations against women. Neither in the States nor by further amendment to the Constitution does it endorse blanket legislation such as the Wisconsin Equal Rights Law or the Lucretia Mott Amendment. It feels that, at worst, such measures may cause serious confusion in the civil law by taking from women existing rights, endangering present and preventing future legislation regulating employment of women; and that blanket legislation, at best, would involve litigation that could call into question for some time both the endorsement and the passage of protective legislation. Taking cognizance of the minus fifty per cent of eligible voters in 1920, it has undertaken "a creative attack on indifference and ignorance through training for citizenship." It is considering two amendments to the Constitution: giving Congress power to fix a minimum child labor

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standard for the States, and to legislate on marriage and divorce. If the specific legislation in the States for 1924 is not satisfactory, it recommends, for 1925, that certain measures, not to exceed four, be chosen for legislative work in the States that have not already enacted these laws, for the sake of securing a uniform status on a few fundamental issues.

The National Woman's Party, preparatory to its campaign for "Equal Rights irrespective of sex or marriage," began in 1921 an intensive survey of State and Federal laws and has published the results in a series of pamphlets: *How New York Discriminates Against Women*, and so on throughout the States. It too is presenting bills to the State legislatures, — New York was given twenty-two last winter. But, believing that the direct method is the logical ending of the suffrage struggle, its program is definitely the passing of its Equal Rights Amendment.

The controversial point of its forthright program lies in its industrial end, objections to it being based largely on the apprehension that protective legislation, won against such odds in voteless years, may be nullified. One organization stands for protection of women in industry; the other for equality of women in industry. It is impossible, within the scope of this article, to discuss at all this extremely moot point, but it can be suggested that a difference of opinion on a point so debatable furnishes all that can be desired for the creation of a heated interest in the state or national campaigns of either group.

And it is a case in point to refer again to Wisconsin, the single State with an Equal Rights Law, as the particular State to be observed during the next few years by any one interested in the social and economic results of equal suffrage. For, however it turns out, the outcome of the Wisconsin experiment is likely to prove of enormous value.

So far it seems to have worked well. Its blanket law settled the question of married women and civil service examinations. Married women have equal rights with men. It settled the question of married women as policewomen. Married women have equal rights with men. It settled the case in all its points of a schoolteacher who had been dismissed by her board because she had married, had not reported her marriage, had signed her maiden name to school reports, and, because she was married,

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could not be transferred, promoted, or permanently appointed to a regular teaching position. She was ordered reinstated with back pay on the ground that married women have equal rights with men. Another woman, living in town with her husband and children, had been deprived of her vote because she could not go to the country district where her husband kept his voting residence. Under the Wisconsin law a voter lives where she lives. A woman who had moved with her husband to the West and returned to Wisconsin to live with her son during his University years, faced the ruling that she was non-resident, since she lived in Montana with her husband, and her son must pay tuition. Under the Equal Rights Law, however, a wife and mother lives where she lives.

Any possible litigation over laws protecting women in industry was avoided, it should be noted, by a later amendment to the law of 1921.

It is often asked what women's direct influence on legislation has been since Equal Suffrage came in. The answer is easy, — practically nothing at all.

In 1923, for instance, forty legislatures sat, composed of from five to six thousand legislators. Of these seventy-six were women, not more than ten of them in Senates. Of the five hundred and thirty five members of Congress, Senate, and House, there were no more than two at any one time. The women judges in the United States can be counted on one's fingers. Judge Allen of Ohio sits in the Supreme Court; the rest are trial judges. One woman has been appointed a member of a State Cabinet, by Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania. Women's direct influence on the laws of the land is appallingly small.

But their indirect influence is quite otherwise, not to be measured by any data at hand. No one knows, least of all the politicians, how far the still untested power of the woman vote consciously or unconsciously influences legislation. Only indirect influence passed the Wisconsin law, the Sheppard-Towner Maternity bill, The Independent Citizenship for Married Woman bill, and the steadily multiplying State laws removing discriminations against women. The State Laws survey of The National Woman's Party shows an average of five important discriminations against women in each State, making a grand total of some

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two hundred and fifty slated for removal. Of these sixty eight had been removed by 1924. Many States have amended their mothers' pension acts in addition, and a number of bills affecting women adversely have been defeated.

One of the astonishingly immediate results of equal suffrage was the removal of many laws discriminating against women by Southern legislatures, where, more than in Northern states, married women's status has been left to the merciless construction of the old English common law before which they are irresponsible and "under the coverture of the husband." That Louisiana has removed thirteen important discriminations against women as to guardianship without having yet given them equal rights with men is an example of the persistence of the common law's conception of women. Florida, Mississippi, and West Virginia have passed equal guardianship laws, but Alabama still declares that "a mother is entitled to no power, only to reverence and respect," and still permits a father to will away a child from the mother.

The fear used to be expressed that, once women had the vote, an avalanche of moralization laws would sweep the land. This fear has so far not been justified. The two national organizations of women have shown great finesse in avoiding prohibitive laws; their present interest lies elsewhere. As a matter of fact and worthy of note, The New York State League of Women Voters went on record last January as favoring amendment of the New York State law prohibiting dissemination of birth control information. No one knows yet whether women are "conservative" or revolutionary, for no test has come.

So far politics has not been "purified," — no sane-minded person supposed it would be. But, just because the woman's vote is still an unknown quantity, it is enough to give pause to local politicians at least. There is no data available regarding women's influence on local issues that makes any assertion regarding it unchallengeable. But it is not rash to say that a debatable candidate for a purely local office is likely to be less certain of election now than in the good old days when the gang gathered to vote and the respectable citizen stayed disgustedly at home. This may be "purification of politics"; it may be also considered in terms of a common-sense use of the ballot.

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Data is also lacking on how generally women vote. Absolutely no statistics are available, and one guess is as good as another. A careful correlating of expert opinions, however, tends toward the conclusion that women vote in about the same ratio as men, as interestedly or as indifferently. No more than his is her life's interest the exercise of the franchise.

For let no one think today, when we can, if we will, take a clear look into the dark backward, that the long struggle of women to vote was really a struggle to vote. An intangible need must have a tangible objective; an unphrased necessity must have a symbol. Three and four centuries ago, women began to "grow up," became conscious of a strange new compulsion toward individuality, — its development, its expression, its recognition. Then and there the woman movement began. When it took form at last, in the mid-nineteenth century, its goal became, all significantly, "The Vote," — man's most cherished symbol of his coming of age, than which nothing has been more jealously safeguarded since he first began to grope his blundering way into groups and to build up the common law of tribes and nations. Equal suffrage means essentially only this: that women's inner compulsion to individuality has met with some concrete recognition. But they need and are demanding a great deal more, — a juster world for women with the removal of laws discriminating against them; a juster world for men, with equal rights.

Seventy-five years of "working for the vote" have done this much at least for women's sense of justice and their sense of humor: they are not likely to offer opposition to any son of Maryland who, revolting against that ancient statute which makes a married woman not responsible for a felony (other than treason or homocide) when committed in her husband's presence, shall present a bill to the Maryland Legislature which states that a felon is a felon, "irrespective of sex or of marriage." Many other old laws, passed by our fathers' fathers' fathers and never repealed, might well go crashing down to the sound of men's and women's laughter.

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WOMEN IN WASHINGTON

MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN

DOLLY MADISON was once the most popular person in the United States, but one can only surmise what influence she exerted on the executive branch of the legislature. Probably she would have been alarmed at the prospect of an era when women aspired to the Cabinet. Mrs. Harriman chats about many women who have figured in the political life of Washington and conjures up a vision of a lively debate on the Senate floor between women like Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Emily Newell Blair.

"HOW like Lord Macaulay's description of the trial of Warren Hastings!" a woman remarked to her next door neighbor. This was the day that Ex-Secretary Fall finally came before the Senate oil investigation committee. The man's blank expression, as he smiled faintly in reply, plainly indicated that he had never heard of either Warren or his noble biographer. Why should he? On close inspection his rough hands and ill-fitting clothes denoted a mechanic, perhaps, while the woman, though rather over-dressed for an early morning occasion, obviously belonged to the most prosperous class the Capital could produce. Thus on days that promised some sensational disclosures, people from all ranks of life jostled each other at the entrance of the committee room, and fought for seats of vantage. It is interesting, however, that for weeks the sessions were held, and the evidence slowly rolled up, which culminated in the sensational McLean story at Palm Beach, when only a handful of spectators and two or three bored-looking newspaper men thought the inquiry worthy their notice.

One old woman in rusty black faithfully followed the proceedings from the drab beginnings, through the most colorful period, until the curtain was rung down. A real investigation fan! She asked young witnesses from New Mexico what kind of women their mothers had been to have taught them no better manners than to kick a lady's chair when they crossed and uncrossed their long legs during the tedious waits for their turn on the stand. No, indeed, the Senate Prosecutor was no hero to her. "Why, he meets the witnesses at night at a down town hotel and tells them just what to say before the Committee next day! It's no less than a scandal what that man has done to those poor fellows Sinclair and Doheny."

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Never really grasping its true significance, she had, however, with her half balanced mind, been an uninterrupted observer at a great human drama.

Then one morning the scene shifted to the Senate Chambers. Senator Walsh of Montana was to report step by step the Committee's investigations into the validity of the Naval oil reserve leases, and the motives of those who had disposed of them. From an early hour long queues wound snake-like through the corridors from each gallery door. Women there were in preponderating numbers. This not only from motives of curiosity, but perhaps, because their sex responds quickly to the conservation idea and they are aroused by the suggestion of corruption. In the Executive Gallery Senators' wives and their guests spilled over on to the steps. The masses of people, and the atmosphere of tense excitement, recalled those days when the House and Senate were debating the resolution to go to war with Germany.

There was a low buzz of conversation, as those who had come early enough to secure seats exchanged airy persiflage with their neighbors. Sitting next to a handsome, thin-lipped high brow, a man, after clearing his throat nervously several times, ventured, with a Southern drawl, "Ma'am, are you married or single?"

"A widow," was her surprised rejoinder.

"Well, take it from me then, Ma'am, Senator McKellar is the greatest catch in the United States Senate. I ought to know, I am one of his constituents."

After the first day, — when hundreds went without food from breakfast until dinner time, afraid to leave lest others should snatch their seats, — some spectators brought boxes of lunch, so that they might listen more contentedly to the debates going on below. One Senator, observing the starved and yearning expression of some friends, sent them each a rosy apple which were munched in gratitude. This time the apples were conveyed by a page boy, and not hoisted from the Senate floor on the end of a pole as during one of Henry Clay's speeches.

Also, one recalls that during a hot debate in the days of Jefferson and Madison, women even sat on the floor of the Senate Chamber, sometimes accompanied by their children, and bringing their luncheons when the session promised to be a long one.

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The Senate met then in what is now the Supreme Court, and there were only a handful of Senators.

Those, too, were the days when railroads were unknown, steamboats were just beginning, and stage coaches scandalously uncomfortable, so journeys were made on horseback or in a private conveyance. Accompanying a relative elected to Congress, women were known to ride on horseback five hundred to fifteen hundred miles, that they might enjoy the gaieties of the Capital. So female interest in what is taking place in Washington is but history repeating itself.

In imagination one stands aside to watch the pageant of women winding down the years from Capitol Hill. Charming women, able women, women who were only interested spectators, and women who sometimes wielded a powerful influence. A high light in this picture is Dolly Madison, undimmed by the passage of time. During her husband's administration she was often said to be the most popular person in the United States. Although, of course, human nature being no different then from what it is now, that same popularity made her a target for the darts of envious natures.

It is a joy to think of that lovely exterior, the smiling lips, the wistful shyness of the eyes. But the qualities of the spirit behind it were what have endeared her forever to the American people. While her frankness and sincerity commanded respect, her sweetness and gentleness surrounded her with a cordial, genial, and sunny atmosphere which won all hearts.

Dolly Madison was the helpmeet and confidante of her husband. How far her influence went, and how much she changed the course of empire, would be hard to say. The power of a tactful, clever woman over the man who loves her is so subtle that it is not to be defined. A friend of the late President Roosevelt's used to say that when he and others wanted to influence the President about a question on which he seemed especially obdurate, they would first make Mrs. Roosevelt see their side. Then on an afternoon ride she would lead the conversation to the subject in controversy, gently holding up another side to the picture. Often by the time they returned to the White House the President would be so convinced that he would believe that the change in his point of view originated with himself.

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A woman who flamboyantly made history at the Capital, whether knowingly or by chance, was pretty Peggy O'Neil, afterwards Mrs. Eaton. The vivacity and good looks of this fascinating Peggy so excited the jealousies and enmities of Washington Society that President Jackson, believing in her innocence, became her champion. All owing to the squabbles over this woman, a Cabinet was broken up. More than that, Calhoun's attitude in the matter incurred the displeasure of Jackson and so made the presidential ambitions of the former impossible of attainment. On the other hand, the friendly stand of Martin Van Buren won him the support and affection of his Chief, and made him President.

The only other woman who ever actually made history in this Country was Anne Hutchinson, who, rebelling against the Puritan Elders of Massachusetts, was the actual founder of Rhode Island. She was a real religious rebel, and certainly made life interesting for her contemporaries.

Coincidentally two vivid personalities appeared on the Washington scene, — Kate Chase and Gail Hamilton. In the oil painting of the Hearings on the Florida Case before the Electoral Commission, which hangs outside the Senate Executive Gallery, their prominent places signify the importance of their positions in the social and public life of Washington City in the Seventies.

Kate Chase was the daughter of Salmon P. Chase, who was Secretary of the Treasury during the Civil War and afterwards appointed by Lincoln Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. A particularly talented and charming woman, she possessed a consuming ambition to see her father President of the United States. Needless to say, her father shared her hopes. It is said that he aspired to be the Republican nominee in 1864, but, of course, the Country demanded the re-nomination of Lincoln. The popularity of General Grant, four years later, made Chase despair of becoming the Republican candidate then, so Kate intrigued with the Democrats, without success, to secure for him their party's nomination. Marrying Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, she continued to reside, off and on, in Washington, where an intimacy sprang up between herself and Roscoe Conkling, terminating in an action for divorce brought by the Governor.

Gail Hamilton was a brilliant newspaper correspondent, and

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was Mrs. James G. Blaine's sister. In earlier days she applied to Mr. Lincoln, who knew her well, for an introduction to a man living in Buffalo. In the letter, after extolling the bearer for her talent and courage, Mr. Lincoln concluded with the remark, "She fears no man, and but few women."

Two women of national import, who have niches in my own memory, are Madame Jumel and Dr. Mary Walker. One of the stock stories at my Grandfather's breakfast table was how he had sat as a member of the Jury that deliberated ninety days on the Jumel will case,—interwoven with tales of that fascinating woman's dominance over the brilliant Hamilton. Our walks in Central Park with our governess were enlivened by the constant hope, and occasional gratification, of meeting Dr. Mary Walker, who, after her services as nurse in the Civil War, was a conspicuous and, to us, intriguing figure in a man's suit of gray.

Today it would seem fair to say that the average woman takes a far more intelligent interest in public programs than she did, say, forty years ago. Now they lobby on all important questions, and their influence is far-flung, whereas the extent of their efforts even a quarter of a century ago was probably limited to getting a promotion for some man in the Army or Navy.

The day is well within sight when women will sit as members of the United States Senate, or grace a President's Cabinet. That day can not come too soon. Many women there are who could shine in Congress. The first that comes to mind is that inimitable leader who carried the banner in the Suffrage fight, and scored the great victory. As a statesman Carrie Chapman Catt ranks with the country's best. Who could wish a saner, more experienced, or more judicial member of the upper house?

Ruth Hanna McCormick, the daughter and the wife of a Senator, has the cool judgment of the seasoned politician, using that word in its highest sense. She is what President Wilson called a conservative with a move on. How nice, too, she would look as she rose to address the chair. With her black eyes and lovely long lines, she has every characteristic of a thoroughbred racing mare.

Then there is Alice Longworth. Her brilliance is of the flashing, quick on the trigger species, that with application could accomplish great results. As a Senator she would be more than divert-

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ing, — agile in debate, and no mean antagonist. What fun, if from the Republican side of the aisle she would engage in a discussion with, let us say, Emily Newell Blair on the Democratic side! The latter's style might not be as sparkling as Alice's, but in her quiet way she is most convincing. Any woman who has succeeded for three years in firmly directing the policies of the women of a Great Party, without incurring their antagonism, and who is endowed with the gift of inspiring others to work, should accomplish great things as a legislator.

Anyhow, in all the years that men have had the monopoly of Government, they have not proved themselves so wise but that the constructive force of woman would constitute a balance to the hereditary destructive instinct of men.

EVENING RUSH HOUR

LOUIS GINSBERG

The marble mockeries of rising stone
Are frozen sneers at all the people, blown
Frantic like blurry dust that whirlpools through
The blatant and remorseless avenue.
The office-buildings spout a swollen crowd,
Reverberating echoes, hoarse and loud,
Till clotted corners rouse, with noises flung,
Futility to find a raucous tongue.
The people, draped about with fleshly lies,
Adjust, each one, a pitiful disguise;
And as they drift, to some, a light unsought
Flashes its pain in a disease of thought:
These are the ones, who, peering closely, see
Arc-lights illumining vacuity.
Till all the people pantomime and strain,
Shadowy thoughts in what enormous brain? —
Till futile phantoms gibber low and nod,
As in the mind of what sardonic God?

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UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF DOSTOEVSKI

Part Two

EDITED BY CATHERINE, PRINCESS RADZIWILL

The following letter, which was written when Dostoevski was trying to earn a precarious living in Switzerland, after being driven out of Russia by the persecutions of his creditors, is a curious instance of the self-analysis to which he was always more or less inclined. One can see the many petty sufferings which went side by side with the tempest that was ever raging in his soul. It also expresses the hatred and distrust of Europe and European ideas which he retained until the end of his life, as well as the terrible impression made upon him by his years in prison.

Geneva, 1870.

(No Salutation)

"I ought to have written to you before, dear friend, but was prevented from doing so by an overwhelming quantity of work to finish before I could allow myself the pleasure of conversing with you. Oh this work, how I loathe it! You say I ought to feel happy at the thought that my books are read by so many people, with such eagerness, but I have reached a stage where I have forgotten what happiness means. Does it exist in general, or is it only the produce of our imagination which refuses to remain forever concentrated on gloomy subjects?

"The last few months have been a perfect nightmare. They reminded me of those years spent over there,* because they were also overshadowed by the terrible thought of having to work, so to say, under compulsion. I know I have it in me to write great books, books and stories in which I would condense all my thoughts, all my observations of existence and its deceptions, blighted ambitions, and false pleasures. But I cannot do it. I cannot write well when I am pursued with the thought that behind me stands that hard taskmaster, necessity, with a whip in his hand which is ten thousand times heavier than the one wielded by the overseer of our prison house. How can one write when one is constantly in want, when the sale of one's ideas means

* Siberia.

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the daily bread without which no man can live? How can one do so, when one's days are one long and constant humiliation, visits to the pawnshop, reproaches and sarcasms from one's landlady, contempt of tradesmen to whom perhaps one owes but a few groschen? Who will realise, who has not gone through it, the feelings of a man anxiously waiting for the postman to bring him just enough to live on for a few days, and his disappointment when that postman fails to put in an appearance? And yet this is what I am enduring every single day of my existence. How can I labor for hire only, sell for cash my literary faculties and abilities without these faculties undergoing complete deterioration?

"Sometimes everything seems so hopeless, so useless, especially during those dark hours of despair when I remember that my work is and will always remain forced work, the work of one who is condemned to write just as others are condemned to penal servitude. There is also a penal servitude of the soul, and it is perhaps the worse of the two, because one can bring one's body to perform mechanically an allotted task from which thought is driven away, but how can one compel one's soul to accept a bondage which corrodes its best faculties, its noblest instincts?

"I will send you my work *Demons*, and perhaps you will recognise in it some of the thoughts which I have so often expanded to you during our conversations of last year. I wonder whether you will like the story. Probably not, so few people like what I write, so few people understand or trouble about my moral doubts, my moral uncertainties. I sometimes wonder whether I am an atheist or a Christian. In my youth I certainly was the former, and even now I sometimes doubt whether a Divinity can exist, and contemplate, without any wish to heal it all, the misery with which the world is full. Is there a just God, is there a God at all? And if He is there, then why does He show himself so cruel, so merciless; why, since everything is possible to Him, has He not made this earth a beautiful place to live in, full of good people, performing only good deeds? It would have been so easy for Him, so easy, that the human intelligence fails to understand why He did not do it, why He sanctioned on the contrary so much evil, so much that is wrong.

"But after I have pondered on this mystery, other thoughts come to me, and I remember the feeling of peace which filled my

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soul when, in the horrible atmosphere of my prison, I read the Bible, I read about Christ and His healing work, and when I felt the peace of God stealing into my tortured soul. I think that we Russians can never be entirely atheists. We have been born and bred in such a religious atmosphere that we can never quite get rid of it. Russian atheism, like so many other Russian things, is but a name, an attempt to imitate Occidental manners and Occidental thoughts. It is a sham, because although he may scoff at religion and even at the Almighty, yet no Russian will cross the gate of the Saviour of the Kremlin without taking off his hat, because although he may not say he believes in the Lord, yet he does not dare not to show him some reverence.

"In this, as in so many things, we are Orientals; and yet, idiots that we are, we want to imitate Western manners, to assimilate to ourselves Western civilisation. Oh how much greater Russia would be if she tried to remain Russian, if she threw away the yoke of Europe that will never understand her, that will always scoff at her. Europe has always been our curse, and Russia will only reach her hour of salvation when she has freed herself from all European influences. It is those influences which prevent her from fulfilling her mission, the mission of showing to the world the road towards the redemption promised to us by Christ.

"Dear friend good-bye, forgive me for this outburst, sometimes my brain is too full of thoughts and I must give them an outlet.

"Yours, ——"

The following letter, evidently written under the stress of the Slavophile agitation which was to lead to the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, proves the clear insight possessed by Dostoevski in political questions concerning Russia and its future. It also expresses his own sadness of thought, as well as the change which had taken place in his ideas about religion, and the resignation which finally had become his principal characteristic. At the same time it is a cry of despair coming from a weary soul.

April, 1876.

(No salutation)

"I had been hoping these last two weeks to find an hour to write to you, dear friend, but it is only this evening that I can realise this wish. I should have so much to tell you, and I know

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that you would expect me to give you my impressions of all that is going on here. And yet I have no impressions at all except sometimes a feeling of exasperation at seeing the best sentiments of our people exploited in the shameful way they now are. Of course if the present agitation were to lead to anything, if really we should live to see the Cross, our orthodox cross, once more raised on the summit of St. Sophia, we should all of us, you as well as myself, feel that we had lived long enough and that there remained nothing more for us to do. But between us and this legitimate ambition, — because it is a legitimate ambition for a nation as well as for an individual, to try to fulfil its destinies, — there will always stand the appetites of Europe, the selfishness of England, the indifference of Germany, and the ingratitude of Austria. I think therefore that we are entering upon a path which will be beset with difficulties, difficulties that for the most part will have been of our own seeking.

"What strikes me is the weakness of our Government, and its blindness in face of the growing agitation, not of the Slavophiles but of all thinking Russians. Does it then believe that, after having encouraged public opinion to manifest itself, it will be able later on to control it and keep it within given bounds? If so, the fine gentlemen who rule us will have an awakening which will not be at all to their liking. Once Russia is set on the path of emancipation of thought, Russia won't stand still, and especially won't retrace her steps. She will be goaded by imperious circumstance to proceed further and to apply to our questions of internal affairs the same reasonings which now inspire her criticisms of our foreign policy.

"Mark my words, a new era is opening for us all, and God alone knows whither it will carry us. But personally I regret to see so much enthusiasm for such small things, because even if we deliver our Slav bratouschki* nothing good will result out of it for us, because there will have been no purity of purpose in our attempt to free them. And purity of purpose is what God requires. The longer I live the more I see that God alone ought to occupy our thoughts, and that we ought to leave to Him the settling of all earthly questions, of all human problems. After all what are

* The name familiarly given in Moscow and St. Petersburg to the Slav populations of the Balkan Peninsula; it means "little brothers."

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politics but a devilish invention of the evil one? What are national ambitions and dreams of conquest but the putting into execution of our lowest instincts of domination? There is no purity, no unselfishness of purpose in the world. Man is but a sinner, who will not own to the fact, who will try to veil his base motives under the cloak of Christianity and religion.

"What is religion, why is one better than the other? Why does one man consider himself better than another? You will probably call me again a pessimist, and reproach me as you have always done with writing only sad things. Why, you even told me once that I might have put a little peace and serenity into *The House of the Dead* and made religion a more powerful factor in that work, but just think a little! How could I put even a spark of joy in those memoirs of years of sorrow and despair? I did not write a novel, I only wanted to condense in a book not merely the sufferings I had witnessed, but the whole tragedy of existence, of human life. It is not gay, this life; it was never meant to be gay. Nothing that is real can be that. A child when he is born suffers and cries out in his suffering, unconsciously perhaps, but still cries, because for the first time he experiences pain, even though he is never to remember it. A woman is sad even when she is in her lover's arms. A man realises all the sorrow with which the universe is filled, as he lies on his death-bed. Look at our Russian nature, it always weeps, and hardly ever smiles. Study our Russian history, you will only find tears and blood on every one of its pages.

"If I were a novelist, I might have tried to write brilliant and amusing things, but a novelist I am not, and have never been, nor do I wish to be one. But at times I feel the need to describe the world, just the world as I see it, as I find it. And in the world there is no joy, even though pleasure may exist; there is no hope except in God, and God is not a tender Divinity!

"Good-bye, dear friend, may God have you in His keeping!"

The tenderness of soul of Dostoevski has never been better expressed than in the remarks which he makes in this next letter about the death of his child which had occurred during his residence in Switzerland. It also shows again his singular gift of prophecy in regard to the future of Russia. It is a wonderful appreciation of Russia and the

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Russian people, especially of the Russian intelligentzia. There is also expressed the acute regret of the writer in presence of his inability to put into words all that he would like to say to his friends, and to the world.

January 20, 1879.

(No Salutation)

"I have been expecting you, dear friend, hoping that by this time you would have reached our Northern Palmyra. Your letter just received, not mentioning any date for your return, has been a great disappointment to me. But then everything disappoints me. There are so few people capable of understanding me, of understanding in general. I think I never told you how I was hurt when, at the time of my first little one's death, people said that my love for her was ridiculous. Years later you once spoke to me of your grief when your small son was taken away from you, and then I felt that I had not been ridiculous in my affection for a creature of three months, frail and sickly, since a man like you, with so many varied interests to distract your attention from your loss, had suffered just as I had suffered when my child had been snatched from my arms, when my Sonia had been laid in her coffin.

"Death is such a terrible thing, and death seems such an unjust thing when it carries away from us an innocent baby who had not had the time to do anything evil, whose short life had been a blessing to her parents. And the strangest part in that sorrow which gripes your heart, is the knowledge that one is perhaps wrong to indulge in it, that perhaps one ought to thank the Almighty for sparing to your child the trials she might have had to go through, the sufferings she might have been called upon to endure. Death ought not to frighten one, and yet death is a fearsome thing, because so few among us can bring ourselves to look upon it in the light of a deliverance from sin and from evil, because the thought of being put into a coffin and that coffin thrust into the ground is so repugnant to our human nature, because none among us have the courage to look forward towards a new life which most of us fear does not exist, even when we say that we believe in it. The mystery of resurrection is the most difficult one to grasp. How can one think of eternity in the presence of a dead body, the best proof that nothing is eternal? And

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then to survive one's own children seems such an unnatural thing. I had built quite a future for Sonia, and then to be told that my love for her was ridiculous! This was perhaps the most painful thing of all, the most heart-rending part of a heart-rending tragedy.

"And then to have to go away, to leave this little grave solitary and unattended. If only she had been buried here, if I could at times have gone to look at the earth under which she sleeps! But even that small consolation is denied to me.

"You have heard all that is going on here. I will not comment on it. We are mad in our high places, mad because we are afraid of a future which we guess contains much that will be painful, much that will be unpleasant and hard to bear.* The reign of violence is just beginning, and who can tell how it will end? Our Russian intelligentzia is the best in the world, but like everything else in the world it cannot develop itself and prosper if it is continually persecuted and oppressed. Why is oppression the lot of so many? Our intellectuals hunger for the people, want to work for the people, to bring some light to the people; they have a conscience which you have not got in high places; they have an ideal; they want to build up life on lines of justice and love, love for one's neighbor, love for humanity. Why is it not allowed to them to do so? Why is our Russian society penetrated with this individualism which sees nothing in life beyond itself and its own will and fancy? Why does it think that everything ought to constitute a means towards its own satisfaction and happiness? Why won't every Russian man and woman try at least to contribute their mite towards work for the people? Why won't they attempt to raise our inferior classes, our peasants, to their own level? Why won't they remember that riches, high positions, power, and all those things mean nothing unless they are used for the good of the masses, because in the end it will be those masses who will have the last word to say?

"You won't understand this perhaps, because you are a man of Nicholas' times,† and as such cannot bring yourself to foresee that the day must come, will come, when the people will emerge

* This was written in the midst of the Nihilist movement, which was to culminate with the assassination of Alexander II.

† Nikolaevski Cheloviek, which means a man having served Nicholas I, a familiar expression in Russia at the time this letter was written.

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from their apathy, when the nation will awaken to the consciousness that it is a nation, and then woe to the life of those who imagine that they can suppress human thought with the same ease as they suppress human life! My friend, my dear friend, remember all the tragedy of Russia, of our great Russia, of our Mother Russia, this country so democratic at heart, who could give democracy as a gift to the world, because every Russian is at heart a democrat, and who all the time is kept down, oppressed, tortured under the iron heel of despots who are stupid enough to imagine that despotism can conquer, can obliterate from the hearts of men every instinct of revolt against them.

"I wish I could express myself more clearly, but my misfortune has always been that thoughts crowd in my brain so quickly I sometimes cannot follow them at all, and this causes me to change from one subject to another when I write. Oh that I could write with the clearness of Turgenev; but even if I were possessed of his genius, this would be impossible for me, because I must write quickly, quickly, far more quickly than I would wish, than I would like to do, because my writing is my daily bread, because it is my trade, and can anything be more degrading than to make a trade out of the work of one's brain, out of the longings of one's heart? Oh for the independence of Tolstoi and of Turgenev! They could write in peace and quietly, they could afford to think, whereas I cannot even afford to dream, or to talk.

"That is the great, the terrible tragedy of my life, this prostitution of my pen to my daily wants, which makes me ask myself why I have these wants, why I cannot content myself with black bread and kacha for food, with a plank for my bed, and with a peasant's touloupe for my clothing? There was a time, the time I spent over there, in the hopeless place where my soul was killed, and my brain was murdered, when I had to content myself with those things, why cannot I content myself with them now? Why, why, why this longing for the good, for the pleasant things of the world? If I could only thrust them aside, put them away from me, I would be a happier man, if in general such a thing as happiness exists on earth.

"I would not care to say all this to everybody, but it seems to me that you will understand me, because we have so often discussed these things together. We live indeed in grave times, times

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which for us Russians will leave their impress upon the whole course of our future history, principally because they are times of transition, leading to radical changes among which will undoubtedly figure the end of the present régime, brought about either by an intelligent surrendering of rights already fallen into desuetude or in a brutal revolt of the masses, driven to perform destruction out of self-defence. Which will it be? I prefer not to think of an answer to such a momentous question; I prefer to wait for what perhaps I shall never see.

"Don't let me wait too long for news from you, and may you soon return to our capital, — you know that from me at least you will receive a warm welcome."

To be concluded

LIFE, SLOW CANDLE, BURN, BURN

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Now that I've met him — Hours, fly!
Nights come swift! Days, speed by!
Shade on the sundial, whirl, spin!
Future, waiting inert, begin!
Past and present, die, go!
Sand in the hour-glass, spill, flow!
Wheel of fortune, move, turn!
Life, slow candle, burn, burn!

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A POOR FOLKS' CHILD

KATE MULLEN

THIS story begins with horse-chestnut buds that in the springtime open their soft, little hands slowly as babies' fists unfold. I got the feel of them then; I get it now. The Teacher, I am sure, would have preferred that Annie Bushnell should have written the best composition to be read at the Academy exercises on Arbor day. But there was I with this feeling for buds interpreted into a composition, and I it had to be.

Poor Teacher, my clothes must have worried her, especially the shoes, — ugly, heavy, and cheap, — from which some of the buttons had come off, leaving button-holes to hump up like wicked eyes. I remember trying to sew the buttons on with a needle that kept breaking.

But I had something better for Arbor day . . .

We were standing adoringly about Her desk at recess and she said, "I want all my people to look nice on Arbor day and have the buttons all sewed on their shoes nice and tidy." She looked straight away from me, but I knew whom she meant and admired her tact and thought lovingly how pleased and surprised she'd be to see my new slippers on that great day.

These lovely slippers had come in a bundle from the Farnum girls, fairy princesses who came to our town every summertime and drove about with a coachman and horses. I cannot write it down how beautiful they were. I used to sit in the back of the church in the free seats, — Potter's Field, I called them, — and wait for them to go rustling up the aisle and then spend church time watching them and making up stories about them and their lovers.

Mrs. Ed Hutchinson, the wife of the organist, had brought the bundle from the Farnums and dumped it at our door. Mrs. Ed really did dump things, for she was a very busy woman full of church work. We were the only poor folks in the Episcopal church and the rich gave their clothes to Mrs. Ed for the vague "Poor of the Parish," so we got them.

The Farnum bundles always contained lovely silk dresses to play "Lady Clara Vere de Vere with her lily-white doe" in. The

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waists were too slim, but by hitching them up I could get into them and trail around beautifully. . . . After a time I think the ladies must have decided at the Ladies' Guild to make the dresses over for us and Miss Minnie Bishop must have offered to sew for the "Poor." Anyway she did.

A very slow sewer who kept me standing full of itchings and aches and nose-snufflings while she puttered and called in her mother over the silliest details. One thing I remember Miss Minnie gratefully for, though. That one day when I stood before her in my underclothes she told me that I had "lovely white skin."

When the slippers came in the Farnum bundle, I said, "Look how God has supplied my need just as he supplied the Israelites with manna in the wilderness!" Then Arbor day came so happily.

Strange that the slippers should have seemed so all right and even beautiful until I got to school. Then suddenly and with terrible cruelty it came to me that little girls did not wear high, French heels and thin pointed toes. . . . How horrid the day turned and how God became, not a beneficent sender of slippers, but a friend on high to please give me courage to mount the platform and read my composition.

Worse than personal shame was the feeling that the lovely Teacher would have preferred the ugly old shoes with their wicked button-hole eyes. I saw her exchange a discouraged glance with another teacher when I made my appearance. . . . But God never gives us more than we can bear, and I got through.

In the yard during the out-of-door exercises the shoes grew in hideousness. One of the heels had been loose and my father had tacked it on with carpet tacks, and it gave me a horrid feeling of being about to come off. Then I was a heavy child and the slender heels gave me a trembly feeling in my legs while the toes grew far too slim for my un-princess-like feet.

Still, through the years I might have forgotten the physical pain if it had not been accented by the glances of Annie Bushnell and her friends. They did not giggle but stared curiously at my peculiar shoes. And left me terribly alone. Somehow I had thought that the glory of having the best composition and my new slippers would make me, for that day, a contemporary of Annie's, — just for one day, God.

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There was a great pine in the Academy yard and I, on my shaky French heels, leaned against its kind trunk and thought of the singing pines in the cemetery and of the kind companionship of Josephine Viletta Hutchinson, aged seven, "Asleep in Jesus." And I thought of myself as dead with a white rosebud in my hand and of how Annie Bushnell and her friends would come to see me and cry. If anyone had spoken to me, I myself should have cried right there. But no one did.

Once the program was finished and I had started, eager for the shelter of home, two girls followed me around to the back road and called after me. They were Edith Stevens and Bertha something, two little jackal girls, mischief-makers and tellers of illicit stories. They would not have been seen speaking to me in front of Annie Bushnell but now, seeking an audience, perhaps they thought that out of my social poverty, I would be glad to listen.

But they only filled me with the vague terror that little pre-adolescent girls feel for sex, so when they started to tell me "nasty words" I wouldn't listen and putting my fingers into my ears ran up the hill on my poor, aching feet. At a safe distance I heard them call, "You lostyer heel. You lostyer heel!" I thought that I had and was starting back heavily to find it when I discovered it safely carpet-tacked on and knew that they were only making fun of the Farnum girls' shoes.

There was a huge boulder near the corner where I turned toward home and when I reached the kind brooding, old rock, resting there since the glacial period, I stretched my child arms along its sides and cried out in great sobs: "Oh, I wisht I was dead! I wisht I was dead!"

And I did. More than I ever have since.

II

When I went up the hill after a quart of Jersey milk in a tin pail, the pewee in the cemetery was singing his hot, lazy song, and my bare feet dragged themselves vagabondishly through the grass. But when I went down the hill Miss Betts had changed the day and my feet went the little worn path, straight to tell my mother, and the song of the pewee came, accenting the joy that had been mine only a few moments before.

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She had come to her door in the "L" of the big, white Bushnell house and told me with her flat, blue eyes looking cold and condemning that I was to come up to see her that afternoon and bring my "patch work." She knew very well that careless, big families like ours who lived in rented cottages at the foots of hills, might not have tidy patch work for their little daughters, — and that is why she required it, Miss Betts, master Puritan. "Well, then," she said, "Bring something to read."

To make myself forget the afternoon I took my brothers and sisters and went up into the cemetery to play funeral over the grave of Josephine Viletta Hutchinson, aged seven, Asleep in Jesus, and with a darling little white lamb on her head-stone. . . . Graveyards always have a smell of cedar and pine and sweet bushes and spicy flowers and of flowers that have molded fragrantly; graveyards give me a feeling of sad happiness; they did then; they do now. We picked daisies from the unshorn potter's field and strewed them over the grave of Josephine, Asleep in Jesus and safe from Miss Betts.

Her room must have been pleasant with windows on three sides and summer winds stirring the nice, clean curtains. I remember a smell of cleanness and a picture of "From Shore to Shore" that hung over the melodeon. The rest was all Miss Betts, big and square with hair piled on her head like banks of cold, white snow. And her thin, Yankee lips and eyes of blue ice. And her dead looking white hands; I saw her the following spring when she was "laid out" and her hands had not changed at all, poor soul.

She began immediately in an innuendo of blaming and preaching to tell me that she was going to *try* and make me look tidy and that she was about to make a dress for me. Here the sun shone through — a new dress! It would almost make up for Miss Betts.

Then she told me, this woman with the blue ice eyes, that she was going to make over for me — one of Annie Bushnell's dresses! . . . She must have been terribly engrossed not to have seen the dismay which must have come showing in my face. This woman who could not see the despair in the face of a child!

She shook the dress out; Annie Bushnell's dress; I knew it well as I knew by heart every dainty stitch that Annie wore to school. To wear Annie Bushnell's old clothes; to have Annie Bushnell see

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me wearing her old clothes; to have the other children see me wearing Annie Bushnell's old clothes!

Why, in every game I played, the plot centered about Annie Bushnell, — she the rich girl and I the poor, she the proud sister and I the Cinderella, she, whom in the end, I always got the best of. Usually it was a rich aunt that came to our family and made us suddenly rich and then I, riding past in my rich aunt's carriage, dressed in light blue silk and eating a large, ripe peach, looked out upon Annie Bushnell by the roadside and instead of snubbing her, always bowed graciously and said, — "Good morning, Annie!"

Instead to wear her old clothes!

While Miss Betts was measuring me over my beating heart, she asked questions, tormenting questions that proved my mother a careless woman, my father an indifferent man, and me a dirty child. Defenseless against her grilling, I could only spar for answering. After a time she began to rip and cut and then she remembered the reading. What had I brought to read?

A story in the Westbury Echo I told her, never dreaming that she would ask me to read it aloud. My mother and I took great pleasure in this weekly love story but when this cold virgin asked me to read it to her, although I was only nine years old, I was suddenly sex-conscious and ashamed. So I read, embarrassed into stupidity and stumbling as I went. At the word "champagne" she halted me and explained ominously that it was not "champ-pag-knee" as I had always thought but "sham-pain" and that she was much surprised that my mother allowed me to read such trash. Then she produced something of her own choosing about Episcopal missions in China which I read with almost hysterical stupidity. It must have made her nervous, for she never invited me to read again.

God never sends us more than we can bear; I had learned that in Sunday School. During vacation God had arranged to have Annie Bushnell away visiting and I had planned, behind God's back and my mother's, to have the dress worn out before she and school days returned. God was also directing Miss Betts into making the dress into a characterless blue gingham with the pretty braid left off, almost unrecognizable as Annie's.

Things were going well when the devil stepped in and spoiled

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them. My legs were so fat and I was getting to be such a big girl that Miss Betts decided that my dress should be to my shoe tops. . . . Hideous! Any of my knee-length rags were preferable to this shoe-top heresy, this funny-looking, long skirt.

My poor mother must also have been afraid of Miss Betts, for it seems a long time now before she yielded to my tears and shortened the dress. Even then I wore it nervously, always scanning the horizon for Her; but being big and slow-moving she was easily dodged. Once I remember hiding among the blue flags in a swamp while she passed over the bridge above me. Perhaps in time I grew careless. . . .

It happened when I had gone for groceries and was talking contemporaneously with my friend and chum, Mr Joe Leete. . . . Ah, if you please, I will stop right here to smile and touch with loving pats the memory of Mr Joe Leete. I wonder where he went. Where do happy, whistling Methodist souls go when they die, I wonder. When he didn't whistle he sang, and there was one song, dancing, rollicking, to which he scooped up sugar, dished up lard, and filled the kerosene can. It went —

"I am washed in the blood of the lamb, of the lamb,
I am washed in the blood of the lamb, lamb, lamb;
I am washed in the blo-od of the lamb, lamb, lamb; I am
WASHED in the BLO-OD of the lamb."

The corner store was long and narrow and there was no escape. And in Miss Betts there were no sources from which unexpected kindness might suddenly start. Ah, me! To call me an unthankful girl and to scold about my mother right in front of Mr Joe Leete; to let Mr Joe Leete know that this was a charity dress; not even to spare my fat legs!

I could not have held out much longer for the hot throbbing that came into my cheeks and must soon have forced the tears, but something compelled me to look where I dreaded most to look — in the direction of Mr Joe Leete. . . .

Then, O, Mr Joe Leete, wherever you are in the wide fling of eternity, I send it back to you, — that wink, that reassuring, humorous, all-sympathetic wink and the comical pooh-hoo-ing with the chin that was so chummy toward me and so disdainful of Miss Betts.

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. . . Miss Betts died in March and I went to her funeral. She lay in the same room where I had started to read the story that had had champagne in it. With all the neighbors I viewed the remains and probably cried a little over the still white face and the smell of carnations. I certainly remember no resentment, only the sad pleasure that funerals always gave me.

STRANGENESS

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

This is the gift:
to see strange faces
Flash with a light that is old as death,
Old as time, and new as a kiss,
This is the glory . . . love is this.

This is the gift:
in far strange places
To find new life familiar as breath;
Strangeness in budded leaves at dawn;
In blue-veined rocks by the culvert side;
In the curious-handed craftsmanship
Of virgin frost where the grasses dip
To the brook that has gone whispering on
All through the night with quiet pride;
In April sun on breakfast plates
A dream of the timeless Orient,
Where before our world began
There was light and there was man —
A dateless dream, while the bacon waits
The flash of a fork — an elbow bent.

This is the gift:
when shadows fall
Answerless and very still,
To know in a bright brief candle flame
The flashing strangeness still the same
As that which struck the eyes of Saul
When God shone on a little hill.

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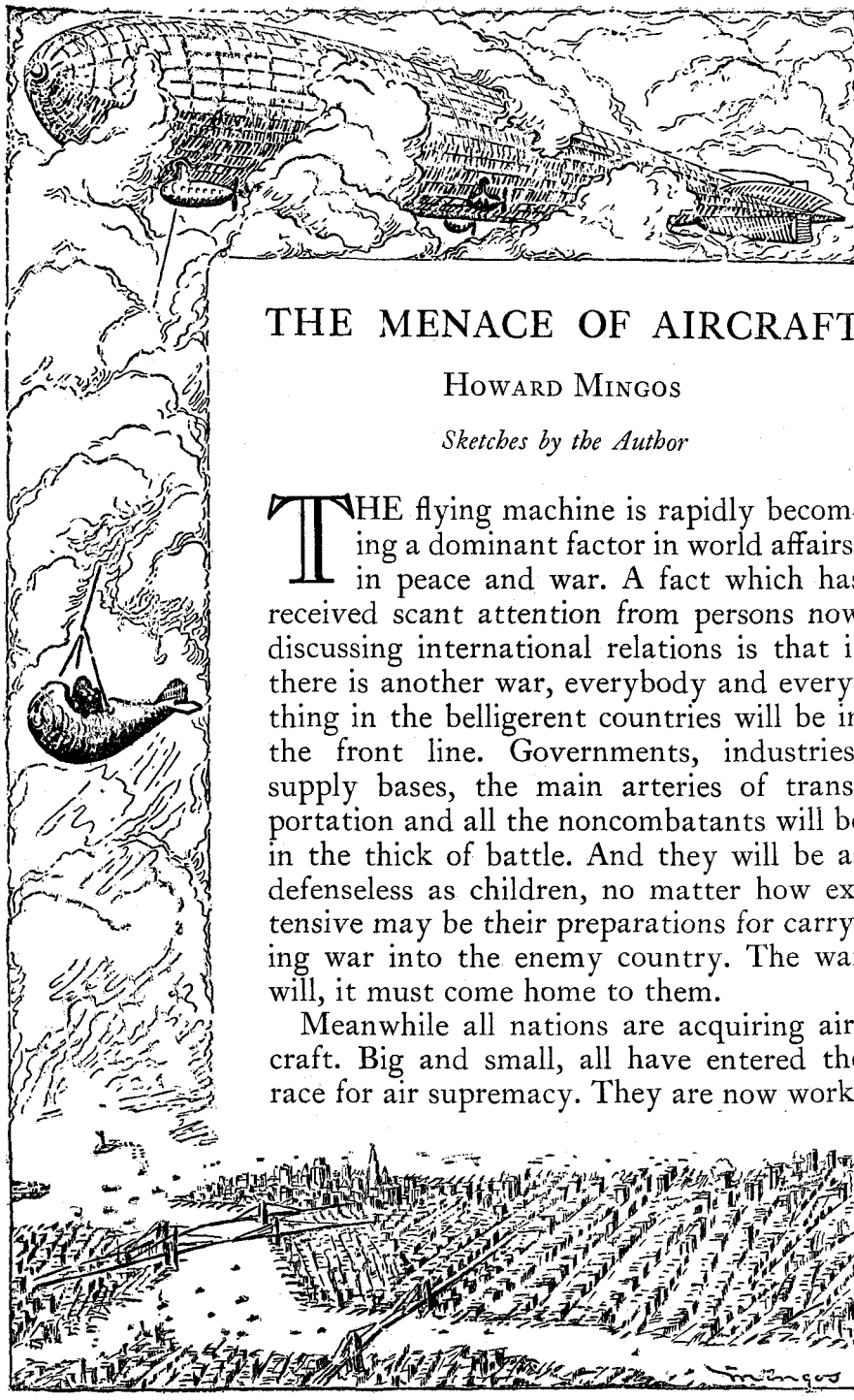

THE MENACE OF AIRCRAFT

HOWARD MINGOS

Sketches by the Author

THE flying machine is rapidly becoming a dominant factor in world affairs, in peace and war. A fact which has received scant attention from persons now discussing international relations is that if there is another war, everybody and everything in the belligerent countries will be in the front line. Governments, industries, supply bases, the main arteries of transportation and all the noncombatants will be in the thick of battle. And they will be as defenseless as children, no matter how extensive may be their preparations for carrying war into the enemy country. The war will, it must come home to them.

Meanwhile all nations are acquiring aircraft. Big and small, all have entered the race for air supremacy. They are now work-

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ing on programs for aerial aggrandizement which would have been looked upon as foolish dreams ten years ago. But in the last decade aeronautical development has been so astonishingly rapid, so replete with one surprise after another, that there is no saying to what limits it will go in the next few years. Of all the sciences, that of flight has progressed most rapidly.

That being the case, is it not an opportune moment to take stock of this new instrument and determine, if possible, how it might be transformed from a menace into an instrument of peace? Peace. The very word itself is put to shame by the horrible weapons now being produced for another cataclysm. And it would be useless to discuss the matter further were it not for the bare possibility that by constant dwelling upon these new processes of extermination we may outlaw war, not by agreement but by sheer instinct of self-preservation. That is a mighty lever, when one comes to think about it, the instinct of self-preservation in individuals applied to whole nationalities. And that is what the marvelous development of aviation in recent years has come to mean to the entire race, — preservation of nations or their extermination. For in future whole nations will be in the front line.

The last war was a mild experiment in the possibilities of shedding destruction from the air. The flying machine was not one-fourth as efficient at the time of the armistice as it is today. It received its first great impetus during the last few months of hostilities. Its possibilities were recognized by few. The major improvements and the uglier devices were not perfected until later. Airplanes were toys compared to the machines being produced in untold quantities today. The bombs they carried were small and rather imperfect. The largest war bombs weighed only four hundred pounds. Today they weigh four thousand pounds. New sighting devices insure fair accuracy now where, formerly, hitting the target was a matter of chance.

Three airplanes of a type now in existence could carry for a thousand miles, and then drop on their objective, explosives weighing more than the Germans succeeded in dropping on London during the entire period of the war, — seventeen tons, in fact. And a majority of the bombs were dropped by Zeppelins. Airplanes were not really efficient for bombing purposes. They are, today.

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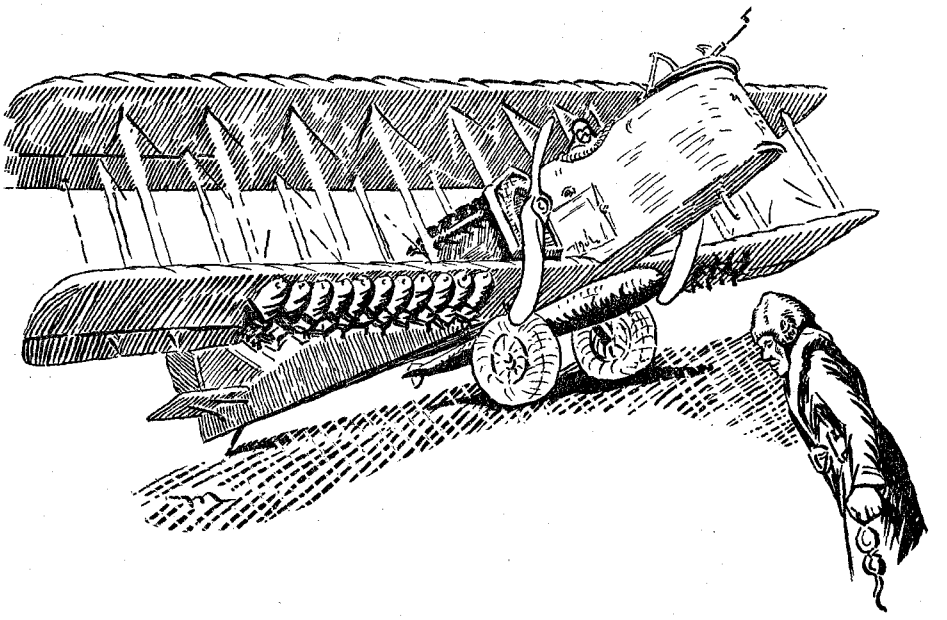

Airships were not then in the perfected state. They were limited in the heights and distances at which they could fly. They possessed relatively slight powers of endurance. Two Zeppelins, completed and flown several months after the war, were able to carry twice the cargo and fly equally as fast as the war-time raiders; and they consumed only half the fuel, an important item. This technical development has since proceeded in the laboratories. Airships can now be built competent to carry hundreds of tons of cargo, explosives or freight, and scores of passengers; and they can be constructed to fly around the world without once stopping. Their possibilities are almost unlimited.

Shortly before the armistice the docks at a French seaport were bombed and destroyed. The French thought it the work of spies inside the city. What actually occurred was this: a Zeppelin flew overhead high above the clouds and therefore out of sight of the observers. Protective aircraft could not have located the ship as it lay shrouded in the mist. A small car was lowered from the dirigible by means of a duralumin cable as thick as a telephone wire. In the car sat the commanding officer with a telephone. He hung suspended a mile below his craft a few feet below the bottom of a cloud bank. He was able to see everything below, though his car was so tiny it could not be seen from the earth.

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He maneuvered his craft by telephoning orders up to the control car. He got the range on the docks by means of tiny bombs which he dropped until the bomb-laden car above the clouds was directly over the docks. Then he signalled for the bombs to be dropped. A simple procedure and particularly safe.

As hostilities ceased, airplanes were invented which could be folded up and carried aboard submarines. They could be taken out on deck and launched in five minutes. Allied efforts did not prevent German submarines coming over and taking up a position off Sandy Hook. They did considerable damage to our shipping, too. Had they possessed the small airplanes, they could have bombed New York easily. All nations have those airplanes today. And for every precautionary measure designed to protect the earth from aircraft, something is done immediately to make aircraft more invulnerable. Artillery experts admit that chances of anti-aircraft batteries hitting a moving target are about one in ten thousand.

Then too, airplanes have been flown by wireless. One flew from Long Island to Easton, Pennsylvania, some time ago, controlled and guided by radio. A pilot sat in the machine, but he did nothing until it had reached its objective, when he unharnessed the controls from the wireless apparatus and brought the plane safely to earth in order to save it and the people on the ground. It could have been loaded with explosives and sent crashing into the city or a fort.

Every nation now possesses the secret of making gases so deadly that the fumes used during the war were harmless by comparison. There are two kinds, fumes and liquids. A few drops of the latter would kill a man as soon as it touched him. Thus far no gas mask has been invented to safeguard one against the poison. It is so cheap, as well as the fumes, that a half dozen airplanes could carry a thousand dollars' worth and kill every living thing in the largest city.

A high ordnance official said recently that in all the discussions concerning the means by which battleships may be protected by bomb-proof decks and hulls, he had seen no plan whereby gas could be prevented from being sucked into the ventilators. Battleship strategists say they will use artificial ventilation and admit it will limit their range to that of the submarine.

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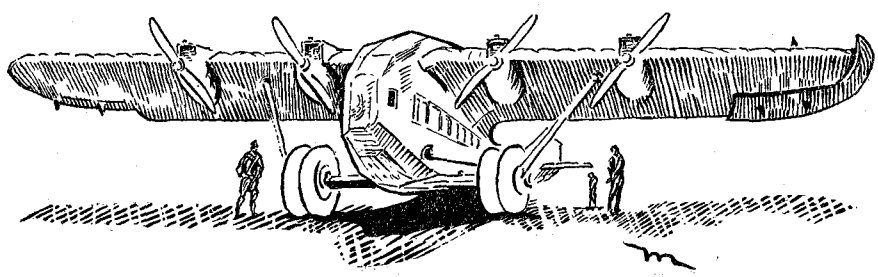
The submarine experts admit that their greatest enemy is the flying machine. They may be seen at great depths and bombed before they can come to the surface. And it has been proven conclusively that it is not necessary to hit a vessel in order to sink it. Bombs dropped so that they bracketed the hull have ripped open the seams of a super-dreadnaught and sent it down in five minutes. And a thousand war planes may be built and equipped for the price of one battleship. They are relatively cheap.

That accounts for the manner in which the smaller nations are competing with the first-class powers in the air. Belgium, Holland, Spain, Turkey, Poland, Russia, and the Scandinavian States are building up air forces, admitting that they have no use for surface armament. Their land forces are held merely for police purposes; and in many of those countries there is a well defined movement against compulsory military service, on the grounds that it can serve only to teach young men to think war, that they would be powerless in a conflict, a modern conflict such as the future holds in store. Russia purchased several hundred modern fighting planes last year, mostly from Germany and Holland. France has provided Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, and Turkey with modern equipment, thereby helping to provide work for her expanded industry, which is working day and night on aircraft orders.

France is the strongest aerial power today. She is spending more than a hundred million dollars annually. She produced 3,300 military and commercial aircraft in 1922 and about 1,200 more in 1923. Her commercial aerial transport companies are so subsidized that they are really Government controlled military reserves; and the commercial passenger-carrying planes may be transformed overnight into bombing planes. French flying fields



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have both military and civil branches operating closely to one another, the forces of mechanics, pilots, and supervisors being so distributed that within an hour's notice they could become one unit, a fighting organization. Pilots are being trained in aviation schools ranking as high as the military and naval schools.

The French program contemplates two hundred and twenty completely equipped squadrons averaging ten planes each at the end of next year, with one hundred per cent reserves in all equipment and personnel. The five-year program includes ninety complete aerial units, each with combat, attack, bombardment, reconnaissance squadrons, airships, balloons, photographic equipment, repair shops, supporting ground forces and one hundred per cent reserves, — each unit sufficient unto itself and designed to work with an army corps. Each corps with the army mobilized to full war strength will have one of these units. It is rather a far cry from the days of 1914 when a score of French planes took the field with half-trained observers armed with shotguns. Or has the world forgotten the obsolescent weapons which figured in the early days of the war?

England now ranks a close second to her French ally. And England is not telling the world everything about her new inventions. The Royal Air Force is now in training on six frontiers. There are thirty-three fully equipped squadrons at home. They do not include the sixty-three squadrons operating in the Indian division and the independent forces in all the dominions of the great Commonwealth. England is now beginning another program to create fifty-two new squadrons, so calculated that the aerial strength of the British Isles shall be within ten per cent of that of France. She, too, is spending about $100,000,000 annually, including her civil aviation.

Italy is tripling her air forces and is establishing her own industry on a scale thrice that which existed during the war. To provide a market for her surplus she has agreed to supply equipment to Spain. For that matter, all the European nations are trying to sell aircraft and war materials to South American republics and China. They have done very well in Japan; but Japan has outgrown the kindergarten stage of aviation. She is now flying her own, though two thousand planes have been purchased from European Governments within the last two years.

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All Japanese commercial aviation is under the control of the Government. Japanese experts are now studying in every country. A large mission has nearly completed its work in the United States, where each member was assigned a special line of investigation. The earthquake reputed to have destroyed a naval aviation base actually did little damage; for the factories were located miles away from the danger zone. At the various army and navy manœuvers for two years the planes flown had been built in Japan, which has projected five important commercial aircraft routes to be established within the next two years, according to present plans.

The proposition to limit aerial armament fell flat at the Washington conference when it was pointed out that commercial machines can be transformed into war craft overnight, that to curtail and limit development of civil machines would result in stifling the logical development of a vehicle destined to become increasingly important in transportation.

Since then the nations have been projecting commercial aircraft routes. Airship and airplane lines are criss-crossing all of Europe; and without exception they are subsidized by the respective Governments. And there are more armored planes being built today than all other aircraft combined, that is, armored bombing and fighting planes including scouts and reconnaissance. Some of these planes carry ten or twelve machine guns and a one-pound cannon shooting through the hub of the propeller.

There is some talk in Europe of calling another arms limitation conference with special reference to aircraft; but the French have vetoed every proposal that has come up. They say they need aircraft for the protection of the Republic. So the race goes on. But that isn't all.

Last year, after the French had withdrawn their support from England in the Near East and the Turkish soldiers were leering and jeering at the British Tommies, they little realized that the English Commander could have summoned a fleet of airplanes and within an hour bombed the entire Turkish army out of existence, along with Constantinople and other objectives. The British were prepared then as they never were prepared during the war.

Every little war since the armistice has been won by aircraft,

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The most important Chinese war was won by the General who had the forethought to employ two free-lance American aviators and their own small commercial flying boats. They flew low and routed the opposing army and then sank the enemy gunboats. British troops have quelled every native rebellion in South Africa, the Near East, and India, in most instances, by using aircraft. The Italians have done likewise in Tripoli. Spain would have won the Moroccan campaign had she possessed airplanes to prevent surprise attacks and locate the enemy.

When the Labor Government entered office in England one of its first official acts was to instruct the Royal Air Force to cease fighting native tribes from the air, a rather silly thing to do, it seems to this observer, in view of the fact that Britain's young men are charged with upholding the policy of their Government and therefore should be permitted to employ any means at their command. And doesn't that apply to all nations? Aircraft cannot be outlawed unless one faces the possibility of such covenants being considered mere scraps of paper. Two men can build an airplane in a woodshed. It has been done many times in this country. And if two persons are able to fly a machine, they are able to drop bombs on the rest of the population. That applies to small nations and large.

Boundaries are disappearing. Planes now fly at four miles a minute. They rise to heights of thirty thousand feet, and can go higher when occasion demands. They carry tons of explosives for thousands of miles without stopping. Engines have been improved to thrice their war-time efficiency. There are no national boundaries. Where are the oceans, mountains, and other terrestrial obstacles which heretofore have isolated whole races? No, the borders are disappearing, whether they have been created by Nature or by nationalities.

The pessimist frowns on the theory that each new means of communication tends to bring people into closer relationship and therefore lessens the possibilities for conflict. He points to the last war and the present state of preparedness. Even so, the last war was one of attrition. The result has been equally disastrous to both sides. And that conflict was but a skirmish compared to a future war, if it comes, — the war in the air.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that by the sheer force of its

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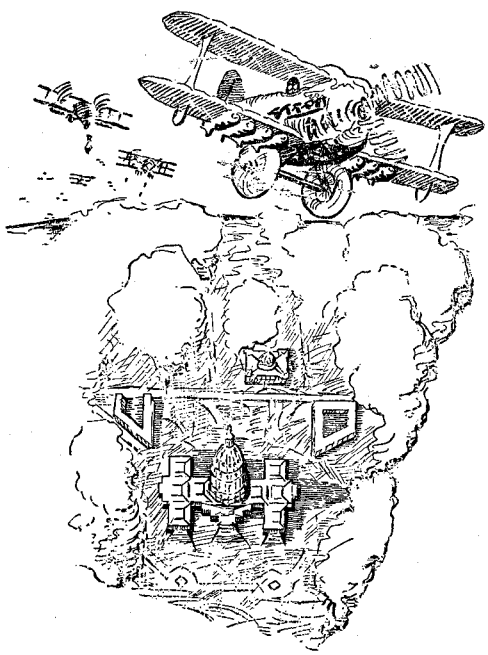
possibilities as shown clearly every day with the constantly increasing efficiency of aircraft, war will not come again because there will be no men or group of men with the temerity to start it? The Chancelleries of modern Governments will deliberate at great length before again putting thumbs down, as they come to realize that they will be in the front line throughout the struggle and that the outcome can result in nothing but a draw, for while one side is invading the enemy territory, fighting off her home defenses and bombing and asphyxiating her people, her air forces will be doing likewise, — virtually a process of mutual extermination. In that prospect there lies a slight hope of perpetual peace.



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CAN A CATHOLIC BE PRESIDENT?

MARTIN CONBOY

OFTEN in private conversation but seldom in print one is faced with the question which is here answered by the President of the Catholic Club, who has himself performed valuable governmental services, and who sees no reason why any citizen professing the Catholic faith should, on that ground, be debarred from the highest executive office. Mr. Conboy presents some pertinent statistics and distinguishes between anti-Catholics and non-Catholics. He also dispels futile superstitions.

THERE has been little worthwhile consideration of this question. When it crops up in conversation, it is usually disposed of by a sententious and dogmatic negative. Not infrequently at quasi-religious gatherings a speaker will inveigh against religious bigotry and intolerance and cite, as illustrating the thing condemned, the impossibility of electing to the presidency any American citizen professing the Catholic faith. In such discourses, there is no examination of the subject, either rational or statistical. On the contrary, the postulate of the discussion is that the highest office within the gift of the people is out of the reach of a Catholic, even if qualified beyond comparison with his competitor for nomination or election. The assumption itself is neither questioned nor examined. Starting with such an assumption, denunciation, following as a matter of course, constitutes the theme of the discourse.

Since most considerations of the subject are of this nature, the assumption is most frequently expressed by Catholics themselves, and of all the pessimists on this topic the Catholic in politics is the most confirmed. He is so fearful of discrimination on religious grounds that he is very likely to be the one exercising the discrimination which he deplores. If experience justified such an attitude amounting, as it does, almost to abject cowardice, the posture though reprehensible would be understandable, but the conviction is almost absurd because there is no substantial experience to justify the fear which produces it. In fact the record when examined leaves us wondering how the conviction can have survived the proof to the contrary afforded by repeated instances of the selection of American citizens professing the Catholic faith to all our most important governmental positions

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short of the presidency itself. The conviction or belief is another instance of knowing something that is not so.

It is but fair to say, however, that there was a time when the belief had some justification. It is only within the last fifty years that the greater part of the Catholic population in this country was not foreign born, strange to our system of government, habits, and traditions, scattered in sparse numbers over the whole country, engaged outside the great cities in menial occupations and, with outstanding exceptions, occupying in the view of their fellow citizens an inferior position. That time has long since passed and it survives only in the delusion or attitude which has just been described, for Catholics have for many years been occupying the most important positions in industry, commerce, finance, and transportation, and have been honored by their professional brethren with the chief offices in professional associations.

Before entering upon the consideration proper of the answer to the question, and to avoid the possibility of misunderstanding what will follow, it is advisable to make the following explanation. This paper deals only with the possibility of such general discrimination on religious grounds by the electorate as would involve the defeat of a candidate for the presidency. It has nothing to do with comparative qualifications, national issues, or the political auspices under which the candidate is presented for the suffrages of his fellow citizens. The question which will be discussed may, therefore, be stated as follows: if a Catholic of unblemished life, fully qualified to discharge the duties of the presidency, is nominated for that office by one of the great political parties, will he be defeated solely and exclusively because of his religious faith? In other words, is the profession of the Catholic faith a disqualification for the presidency in the minds of the American electorate or such portion thereof as is controlling in an election?

The embarrassment that everyone must experience who essays to answer this question is, therefore, the necessity of dealing with the implication inherent in the inquiry that there is a body of Americans in whose eyes the Catholic religion constitutes a disqualification for the highest political office. The difficulty encountered in attempting such an answer as can be regarded

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anything more than a mere guess, is the apparently insuperable one of assessing the numerical strength in each of the States of the Union of such voters.

Comparative religious statistics, while not of any great assistance in enabling us to answer the question, have a certain bearing on it. The Statesmen's Year-Book for 1923 gives Catholics, as members of a religious sect, first place in most of the States of the Union. The following tabulation is of data obtained from that publication:

New England States

Catholics are first in order of strength of the different religious bodies in every State in New England. In New Hampshire they constitute 63% of the church membership.

Middle Atlantic States

Catholics are first in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland; and second to Methodists in Delaware. In New Jersey they constitute 51.5% of the church-going population, and in Maryland 35.3%.

Southern States

Catholics are first in Louisiana, constituting over 61% of the population, but are weak numerically in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, and Mississippi. Most of the Southern States are strenuously Protestant.

Middle States

Catholics are first among the chief religious bodies in Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and Missouri; second in Kentucky, Indiana, Iowa, and Kansas; third in Arkansas and West Virginia. About 40% of the church membership in Tennessee is Baptist and 33% Methodist, and in that State Catholics follow Presbyterians and Disciples of Christ.

North Western States

Catholics are first in North Dakota, — where they constitute 38.5% of the aggregate membership of the churches in the State, — Montana, Nevada, Wyoming, and Colorado; second in South Dakota, comparatively few in Idaho, and in Utah are next to the Latter-Day Saints, who form about 75% of the church membership of the State.

South Western States

Catholics are first in Arizona and New Mexico and third in Oklahoma. Their number is greatly inferior in Texas to Baptists and Methodists.

Pacific Coast States

Catholics are first in Washington, Oregon, and California.

An unthinking enthusiast, on the basis of the foregoing, might almost claim that no one but a Catholic can be elected President.

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It does not follow, however, that because Catholics are first among church members, they can control an election. If this were so, Oregon would not have adopted the school law which has recently been declared unconstitutional. If we distinguish between Catholics on the one hand and members of all other religious sects on the other, the former are in the minority among those professing any religious belief except in a few States, where the percentages as above indicated give them a majority. Moreover, it is possible that in computing the numerical strength of Catholics, all those who are baptized are comprised, whereas among other religious denominations only those who have actually affiliated themselves with some religious organization or church may be included in the figures.

Whatever place and value in the discussion be given these religious statistics, it remains true that Catholics constitute a substantial portion of the population in all parts of the Union with the exception of the Southern and certain of the South-Western and Middle-Western States; and the figures are cited, not because they necessarily induce an affirmative answer to the question, — it would be obviously erroneous to assume that they do, — but only to show that among a substantial representation of the people in most of the States of the Union, the fact that a candidate for the presidency is a Catholic will not constitute a disqualification. Certainly he will not be considered disqualified by that portion of his fellow citizens who profess the same faith as he does.

It is just as true, however, that if all citizens professing the Catholic faith were to vote for a given candidate and all members of other religious denominations were to vote against him, he would be defeated. All Catholics, however, will not vote for one candidate, and by the same token all non-Catholics will not vote for or against any given candidate. In passing let us register at this point the fact that all non-Catholics are not anti-Catholics, and another fact, that though there may be an anti-Catholic vote, there is not and never has been any such thing as a Catholic vote. Catholics vote according to political and not religious preferences. On political questions they are part and parcel of the entire electorate, democrats and republicans, free traders and protectionists, wet and dry, for and against the League of

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Nations, — in short, on one side and the other of every political question.

This brings us to the next stage of our consideration, the difficult one of attempting to compute the number of those who may be expected to be affirmatively hostile to a Catholic for President. To determine how powerful the element is, we should start by eliminating certain religious sects, on the assumption that the religious question will not influence their vote. Among Protestant denominations it is not likely that Episcopalians, Quakers, Congregationalists, and Unitarians would exhibit any religious intolerance. I feel reasonably sure about Episcopalians and Quakers and intuitively so about the others. In Utah, the Mormons would not be anti-Catholic, and this would be true of the Mormons wherever they reside. The Jews, who are to be found in considerable numbers in the large cities of the New England, Middle Atlantic, Middle, and Pacific Coast States, can surely be counted upon as opposing any such discrimination. Some Presbyterians may be found in the anti-Catholic ranks. But those who are fearful of religious discrimination will probably insist that the largest number who may be expected to exhibit a hostile attitude to a candidate for President on religious grounds are the Methodists and Baptists of the Southern and Middle States.

It is by no means certain, however, that the greater number belonging to these last named denominations would be found in opposition. The negro constitutes a substantial part of the Protestant majority among those professing a religion in the Southern States. The negroes as church members are, however, more numerous than they are as voters. Moreover, the Southern States are solidly Democratic. If the nominee of the Democratic party were a Catholic, even assuming a religious animus on the part of the voters, conflicting emotions would be in operation, and it is exceedingly doubtful, to say the least, that religious animus would be a stronger motive than political preference. If a Catholic were nominated by the Republican party, his religious faith, would, of course, make no difference so far as the South is concerned.

We have left altogether out of the consideration the voter who is not affiliated with any religious organization. He is more numer-

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ous than the members of all the religious denominations combined. Certainly there is no basis for assuming that he will take any religious position with respect to a political candidate.

We may summarize all that has gone before by concluding that there is no such overwhelming religious opposition as to justify the assumption that a Catholic is disqualified in the minds of the American electorate by his religious profession from achieving the presidency.

The record when Catholics have been presented for the suffrages of their fellow citizens would seem to confirm this conclusion. Short of the presidency, Catholics have held every position of importance within the gift of their fellow citizens. Among the New England States, Massachusetts has once, and Rhode Island at least three times, elected Catholics as Governors. In Maine, Edward Kavanagh served as Governor for an unexpired term in 1830, — not, however, by election. New York has twice elected a Catholic as Governor and very nearly elected him a third time. At least three Catholics have been elected Lieutenant-Governor of New York. Illinois has elected a Catholic as Governor. Kentucky has had two Lieutenant-Governors who were Catholics. Louisiana, of course, being predominantly Catholic, has frequently elected Governors who were Catholics.

Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Arizona, California, Oregon, Louisiana, Idaho, North Dakota, and doubtless other States have sent Catholics to the United States Senate. General James Shields had the unique distinction of having served in the United States Senate from three states, — Illinois, Minnesota, and Missouri. Thomas H. Carter, who represented Montana in the United States Senate from 1895 to 1901 served as Chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1892.

Two of the Chief Justices of the United States have been Catholics. Roger Brooks Taney, who was Andrew Jackson's Secretary of the Treasury, was one and Edward Douglass White, the other. The latter's father had been Governor of Louisiana and the son was serving as United States Senator from that State when he was appointed Associate Justice. Though a Southerner, who had served in the Confederate Army, and a Democrat, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United

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States by a Republican President, the present Chief Justice William H. Taft. The record of Edward Douglass White in the Supreme Court is a remarkable one. He served in the court for twenty-seven years, participated in the disposition of 13,000 cases spread through 101 volumes of reports and wrote over 700 majority opinions. No one ever suggested that his religious faith rendered him incompetent to perform a service that was certainly as important to this country as the discharge of the duties of the executive department.

While it is somewhat outside the scope of this paper, the fact does justify passing mention that many Catholics have served in the lower house of Congress and time and again Catholics have been elected the chief executives of municipalities. This is true at present of our two largest cities, New York and Chicago. Religious discrimination when suggested in local campaigns has never, except in isolated instances, been successful in preventing a Catholic from achieving the office for which he was nominated.

This record would certainly seem to demonstrate the proposition that when an analysis is made of the assumed objection to a Catholic for the presidency, the objection is found to be utterly unreasonable. Except for the mere assertion of his religious belief, it is impossible to formulate against an American citizen professing the Catholic faith any ground of disqualification for the presidential office. If elected, what can a Catholic President or any other President do except conduct the executive department according to the Constitution and attempt to carry out the political projects of the party which presented him for election? He cannot without the consent of the Senate give all the offices to Catholics, assuming that he desired to do so, and he certainly cannot turn the country over to the Pope.

None of the assertions of foreign domination and Rome control will stand any scrutiny or analysis. If during his four-year term of office a President gives religious offense to his fellow citizens, not only is he through, but he will have made it difficult for any Catholic to succeed him. While the population of this country is not anti-Catholic, which is a very different thing from non-Catholic, it is predominantly non-Catholic and no candidate can achieve or hold office solely because he is a Catholic.

So far as the opinions of a citizen may be affected by his reli-

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gious teachings, there can, of course, be no danger to be anticipated from one professing the Catholic faith. Civilization itself, and consequently government, is vitally interested in the integrity of the family, the just recognition of property rights and appreciation of property obligations, a due regard for the rights of labor, and respect for duly constituted authority. The Catholic Church has always insisted upon the sanctity of marriage, the very essence of the domestic relation, has always defended property rights and at the same time insisted that private ownership of property is in the nature of a trust for the benefit of others as well as the owner, has invariably asserted the dignity of labor, and the moral obligation of capital to recognize it, and has been the unvarying champion of the right of duly constituted authority to obedience from those over whom such authority is legitimately exercised.

No one can be elected unless he is first nominated, and we must devote the final word to political parties. Both of the great political parties should go about the selection of their candidates for the presidency without any reference to religious belief and should make it obvious that political parties are first and foremost true American institutions, cherishing, emphasizing, and insisting upon the vindication of our constitutional guarantees and condemning any attempt to disturb or question them.

The guarantees to which I have reference were put into the Constitution so that Americans might never be concerned by any future disputes over the subjects of them, and thus undisturbed by the revival of ancient hatreds devote themselves to the solution of national problems and the perfection of our splendid governmental system. The very purpose of these guarantees is destroyed, and this fact should be recognized by our political parties, when the contests that they attempted to prevent are revived or renewed. Political parties should promptly condemn any movement based upon religious discrimination.

Therefore, with such data as is available and relying upon the belief, which must be the only reasonable and justifiable one, that the American electorate is devoted to American ideals, I feel justified in answering that an American citizen, qualified for the position by character, ability, and diligence, is not disqualified for the presidency by the fact that he is a Catholic.

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A POLITICAL WEST POINT

A. WASHINGTON PEZET

IN order to save government for civilization we need, first, a qualified body of voters, — citizens who have passed a test to show their capacity for forming intelligent political opinions, — and second, a body of professional politicians who have been trained in the intricate science of government. We need a Political Service, analogous to the Civil Service and to the military and naval academies. This is the third and final paper in Mr. Pezet's series of articles dealing with the scientific reconstruction of politics.

THOMAS PAINE, writing before the scientific revolution was well under way, could say that "the more perfect civilization is, the less occasion has it for government, because the more does it regulate its own affairs and govern itself." But today when we echo such an opinion we are talking nonsense. Consider the basic unsoundness of Paine's reasoning: how is civilization to "regulate its own affairs" except through some human agency? And, whether we call it government or not, what is that agency but a form of government? Business, educational, scientific, professional, labor, and religious organizations are all of them forms of government. Every organized human agency for regulating the relations between man and man and for transmitting to posterity some phase or aspect of civilization is performing the functions of government. What we have today is a wholly uncoördinated multitude of partial governments, almost all overlapping, each interfering with the others, and all interfering with political government. But the unity of civilization and the inter-relation of its problems calls for unity of control, — that is, for unity of government.

Most persons fear an expansion of the scope of government's activities because they invariably think of government in terms of an incompetent democracy, or of the corrupt bureaucracies of oligarchy or monarchy. But government need be neither incompetent nor corrupt. It can be purged of incompetence and corruption and made safe for civilization by applying science to it, or, in other words, by taking politics in the popular sense out of Politics in the scientific sense.

Our first step in applying science to government is to revamp our ideas of citizenship. Citizenship is not merely a right; it is primarily a privilege and an honor, with corresponding duties

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and responsibilities that must never be forgotten. Today the voting citizen by mere right of birth has become as anachronistic and as dangerous as the king who rules by right of birth. Today we do not permit kings to govern; they merely reign. Neither should we permit a man to vote just because he happens to have been born a citizen. As a result of the Army mental tests many citizens of the United States were found to be mentally unfit for military service. Yet many of these rejected men have votes! Is it logical or wise to permit a man who is not mentally fit to fight for his country to take part in the government of his country?

In abolishing all the old, unjust restrictions upon the right to citizenship we did well, for none should be denied the right to vote because they own no property or because of their creed, race, color, or sex. But in plunging from such unjust mediaeval restrictions as previously existed into the uncharted and dangerous sea of unlimited universal suffrage, we have acted most unwisely. There is one valid qualification for voting citizenship which no State can long ignore except to its great peril, and that is informed intelligence.

Our present attitude towards citizenship and the vote is indefensible. We actually dragoon and persecute unwilling foreigners into becoming American citizens while they remain alien at heart. In so doing we cheapen American citizenship in their eyes just as our practice of letting any half-wit vote has cheapened the vote in the eyes of the native American. I do not propose that we should disfranchise any who are already voters. But I can see no reason why such morons and near-morons as we may breed in the future should be permitted automatically to become voters at the age of twenty-one. My proposal is that in future no one be considered an active voting citizen merely because he has attained his majority, but that the right to vote be made a privilege to which every American boy and girl may aspire and which they can obtain only by properly qualifying.

Concretely, my plan is that each year the boys and girls of eighteen, let us say (the exact age to be determined by a board of psychologists), should be required to take an examination for active voting citizenship. This examination would be a combination mental and general information test. Following the examination, the successful candidates would be sworn in as voting

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citizens with appropriate public ceremonies on an appointed day. This day would be a national holiday on a par with July Fourth, — a day for the expression of genuine patriotic sentiment upon which each boy and girl who had earned the right to vote would be made to feel that he or she had achieved a great honor and assumed a mantle of responsibility. Foreigners who desired to become American citizens would take the same examination and be similarly sworn in on the same day.

At first it would be extremely inadvisable to make the examinations severe. The aim should be to eliminate only those most obviously unfit to vote. As years passed the standard could be progressively raised. Such a plan would greatly stimulate the desire for education, for many intelligent persons who had failed because they lacked knowledge, would be spurred on to acquire the knowledge essential to the attainment of the right to vote. And the existence of such a system would dramatize the present sinister fecundity of the unfit; it would lead inevitably to a popular demand for the repeal of our absurd laws against birth control and, eventually, to the demand for affirmative eugenic legislation. Moreover, we would have created a means of ascertaining the general level of American intelligence and education, and each generation would be encouraged to make a better showing than its predecessor.

If you are inclined to doubt the feasibility of such a plan, bear in mind that while it will be of inestimable advantage to the future, it works not the slightest harm to anyone at present possessed of a vote.

I take it to be virtually axiomatic that minority government is inescapable. The many cannot lead the few; it is the few who must lead the many. Life, early in its history, evolved the brain, the seat of intelligence, the specific part of the organism that controls and directs its activities, coördinates its various parts and enables it to function as a unit. If you decapitate a man he dies. In a complex civilization if you destroy minority government you eventually destroy all government.

Because republicanism failed to create machinery sufficiently scientific to enable the majority to select the governing minority, republicanism quickly degenerated into oligarchy, — government by a self-imposed and irresponsible minority. For oligarchy

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we have attempted to substitute democracy. Today, after many years of ceaseless attacks, the old oligarchy is practically dislodged. Democracy, claiming to be the impossible, — government by a majority, — has merely substituted government by camouflaged minorities for the obvious minority government of oligarchy and republicanism.

In modern nations it is manifestly impossible for the mass of the people to select their own candidates for leadership without the assistance of some organized selective machinery. Such machinery not being legally provided for, political parties have arisen out of necessity to fill that need. The party does not provide ideal selective machinery, and in the wake of parties have come all sorts of abuses and corruptions. Such are party-oligarchies, — machines, bosses, professional politicians, and demagogues. These are inevitable unless either one of two things exists: an aristocracy, patriotic, honest, cultured and with leisure and willingness to serve the country; or a citizenry, homogeneous, honest and well-educated, undivided by extremes of wealth, and comparatively unspecialized, of which each individual is willing and able to take his turn at government. England in the past has had the first; Switzerland has had the second. Both have been relatively well-governed. For the first few years of our history, we of America had a semblance of each. Now we have neither, and so we are ill-governed by professional party politicians.

We cannot create an aristocracy, in the usual meaning of the term. We cannot create a citizenry capable of governing itself, for we cannot make a heterogeneous people homogeneous; we cannot equalize wealth, eliminate the tremendous degree of specialization already attained; and we cannot even educate our citizens well enough to enable them to govern themselves.

I know that our ardent democrats will take exception to the last statement. One of the prettiest baubles in democracy's jewel case is the theory that government, being everybody's business, can and will be attended to by everybody. It was that arch-democrat Andrew Jackson who said, "The duties of any public office are so simple or admit of being made so simple that any man can in a short time become master of them." That may have been the case in the relatively uncivilized frontier communities in which Jackson had spent much time, but it was not the case in

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the States east of the Appalachian Mountains, and it is most certainly not the case in any country whose population has attained to a high degree of specialization, such as the United States of today. In such countries the same cause that has contributed to specialization of the population, — the increased complexity of the civilization, — has forced the matters with which government deals to become increasingly complex and technical, with the result that the specialized population leaves the technical business of government almost entirely in the hands of professional politicians.

Under the impetus of false democratic theories the politician is moved not by his own convictions but by public opinion. This public opinion to which he hearkens so reverentially is compounded of two sinister ingredients: the self-interest of organized minorities, and the prejudices of uninformed men.

The specialist of superior intelligence, modestly recognizing the inadequacy of his opinions outside his chosen field, refrains from having political opinions, whereas the inferior man, imbued with the idea that he is "just as good as any one," is always ready with glib opinions that are either the ebulition of his own cocksure ignorance or parrotings of the utterances of demagogues. Both inferior and superior, — indeed, all classes of men, — take part in government as members of a group whenever government touches their particular group interests. But on such occasions they take part not as individuals concerned with the common weal, but as narrow partisans actuated by the prejudices and self-interest of their group. And to the degree that they are organized their opinions become part of the body of public opinion. Thus the ideal of government by everybody, in practice becomes government by the selfish and the ignorant.

The remedy for this evil state of things seems to me obvious. It is to be found in the creation of a class of professional politicians who will stand above being influenced by such a worthless public opinion, whose own convictions will be worth while because they will be professionals in the higher and not in the lower meaning of that ambiguous term. We must create a class of men who will regard politics not as a gainful occupation, but as a career of public service, and who will go into politics in the same spirit in which other men go into the ministry, into medicine,

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into science or art; a class of men, who, being artists in the science of government, will govern scientifically, dispassionately, and yet humanely, not in the interest of one class or group but in the interests of all; a class of men who will be guided in the formulation of their policy by a common-sense balance between the needs of the present and the rights of the future, between the needs of the future and the rights of the present.

To equip himself for any professional career a man must go through an arduous course of special training. Indeed, he cannot lawfully practise his profession unless he has had such training. It is only the politician among professionals who gets his training as he goes along, — at the tax-payers' expense. Pick up the "want ads" and you will find positions offered only to those who have received some training. No business man wants to waste his time and money on untrained material. But in politics we abdicate common sense and permit untrained men to waste both time and money.

Even the corrupt and self-seeking politician produced by the old party machines is better than the inexperienced idealist whom democracy would substitute for him. The trouble with the party politician is not so much that he is inexperienced as that he has had the wrong sort of experience. He has learned to compromise, to bargain, to intrigue, to invade, to break promises, to sacrifice principle to expediency, to posture, and to pander to jingoism and sentimentality, but he has never learned to govern a civilized people. At his best the present-day party politician is a shrewd and clever lawyer. But the modern politician needs to be more than a lawyer. Though he makes laws, administers and enforces laws, knowledge of law alone is not enough. The politician who aspires to reach the top of his profession should be scientifically educated. He should be well grounded in modern biology and psychology; he should know history well enough to use the record of the past as an index to the future; he should be a sociologist and an economist. Indeed, the demands of his profession are such that he should be better and more broadly educated than the man in any other field.

No such politician exists, and the only way to get him is to start at the beginning, by selecting youths to whom the profession of government appeals, who are by intelligence and tempera-

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ment fitted for it, and to educate them along the specific lines indicated.

When we consider the matter sanely, is it not amazing that we should spend vast sums to train especially selected men to be the officers of our army and navy and that we should leave the selection of politicians to irresponsible ward bosses and their training to chance? Is it not incongruous to train our military and naval officers, at great expense to the tax-payer, to fight the country's battles in wars made in peace-time by the acts of untrained and irresponsible politicians? Is it not incongruous to force the trained naval and military expert to fight at the time the untrained politician prescribes, with the weapons and materials he provides, under the circumstances he alone determines? And is it not most incongruous of all to permit the sacrifices and labors of the warriors to be jeopardized by the petty wrangling and indecent bargaining of untrained politicians disputing at the conference table and strutting about the Senate Chamber?

The time has come when we can no more entrust the Ship of State to untrained, uneducated politicians than we could entrust the command of the Atlantic Fleet to any well-seasoned Gloucester fisherman who had sailed the seven seas.

My concrete proposal is for the establishment of a United States Academy of Political Science which shall be to the Civil Government of the United States what the United States Military Academy is to the army, and the United States Naval Academy to the navy. In this Academy the entire personnel of the Federal Government would be trained, excepting of course those minor officials that are at present competently provided for by the civil service system. To enable men beginning their political careers in the States to rise to offices in the Federal Government, it would be necessary to pass laws in the several States making it obligatory for the personnel of their Governments to be graduated from the Academy, or from a State or other University that gave a similar course of training.

Needless to say, any American citizen, regardless of race, color, religion, or sex, who is able to pass the entrance examinations should be eligible to become a student at the Academy. The number matriculating each year would of course be determined by the practical requirements of the Government. Each graduate

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would be commissioned into the political service of the United States. He would be pledged, as are the graduates of West Point and Annapolis, not to resign his commission until he had served his country for a stipulated number of years.

In discussing this plan I have found only one general objection to it, and that one is odd enough to be worth recording. It is argued that this plan would destroy the "amateur spirit" in politics. In the first place, there is no amateur spirit in present-day politics. And in the second place, this idea that the amateur spirit is of any value is one of those pleasant delusions with which many fool themselves. If the amateur spirit is of value in politics, then why is it not of equal value in other branches of human activity? Why do we not go into transports of delight over amateur actors and prefer them to professionals? Why do we not encourage rather than prosecute the many amateur physicians and surgeons who have recently been found practising with all the freedom of the amateur spirit? Why not amateur tailors to make our clothes more spontaneous, and amateur architects to add a dash of untrammeled exuberance to our sky-scrapers?

It may be asked, could a Congress composed of present-day politicians be expected to pass a Constitutional amendment creating an institution which will eliminate their kind from the public service? The members of the Congress who pass such a law would not themselves be affected by it. Before a sufficient number of men had graduated from the Academy to fill all the higher offices of the Government, the men who had called this plan into being would have passed, by death or retirement, into a secure place in history as benefactors of the nation, — for unquestionably such a system would give us a political personnel far more efficient, informed, and talented than any we have had since the early days of the Republic.

I hope, however, that no one will assume that I am offering these two plans as panaceas for our political ills. They are but the stepping stones to a more scientific and intelligent politics. Given a higher standard of citizenship and a trained personnel of Government, we would be in a position to carry out those future-minded policies essential to the maintenance of a progressive civilization which today in the mediaeval state of politics lie quite outside the boundaries of the practical and feasible.

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FEI-HUNTING IN POLYNESIA

ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

THE Vaiite valley is rich with mountain plantain, — "fei" as the natives call it. From its densely wooded ridges much of the fei sold in the Papeete market is cut. The gathering and marketing is a community affair, for it would be impossible for one man to procure enough to make it worth while carrying to town. It is a custom in the village for each of the older men to take turns in marketing the fruit, and for all of the men to assist him in gathering it.

This morning it was Tuahu's turn and he had come down to my place on the lagoon beach to ask me to join the expedition. Tuahu, although well past middle age, is a man of great physical strength, and with all the finest qualities, — and there are many, — of the Polynesian at his best. He was dressed in a *pareu* with a loose corner brought between his legs and tucked in behind, native fashion. The upper part of his body was bare, and I observed, as often before, his great muscular chest and arms, and the two callous lumps, as large as turkey's eggs, on either shoulder. These are common to all the men of the islands and are the result of the thousands of loads of fei, bananas, wild pig, and the like which they carry on poles from the mountains and the depths of the valleys.

When I first came to the district Tuahu had adopted me, native fashion, as his son. Perhaps he thought I was lonely, or it may be the idea of having a white son appealed to him. However that may be, he made me one of his family, and although I do not live with him, he looks after me with as much fatherly care and interest as though I were his own flesh and blood. It had been a settled thing between us for a long time, that when he was to be the leader of the fei-gathering party I was to go with him to prove to the other men of the village that I was a true son of the islands, for only the men of strength and endurance take part in these expeditions.

I was none too eager, but Tuahu was insistent. "You must come" he said. "Otherwise the village will laugh at me. They will say, 'Where is your son, Tuahu? Has he not strength enough for

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this work?' I would be very much ashamed if they should question me thus."

So I dressed myself native fashion, took my bush-knife, and together we went along the beach to Tuahu's house.

Terii, one of Tuahu's daughters, a girl of seventeen, laughed when she saw me. "Ah!" she said, "So you are going for fei? Are you not ashamed? All the men will laugh at you when you come down the trail with only a child's load on your shoulder. And Tuahu will be ashamed of you too, but I will laugh. I will sit here with my girl friends and we will see you sweating and groaning under a load that any child of twelve could carry. Oh it will be great fun! Are not you white men ashamed of your little strength?"

I was ashamed in advance, and yet I am fairly strong according to white men's ideas of strength. But under Terii's taunts I promised myself that I would carry down a load of fei equal to the best of them.

Twenty-six men sat down to coffee. All the others were dressed in their Sunday coats of white drill and trousers of blue denim. Tuahu himself changed to this costume. I was the only one clad in *pareu*, and felt a little out of place. Tuahu reassured me. "For you it is alright," he said. "You are a white man and all of us know that you have many fine clothes; but it would not be pretty (*aita nehenehe*) for the others to drink coffee in my house in their *pareus*."

Each of us had a large bowl of coffee and half a loaf of bread, enough for a family of six, at home. On the center of the table were basins of sugar and cocoanut milk, more delicious in coffee than the finest Jersey cream. We ate in silence, Terii and Reretu, Tuahu's wife, serving us. When we had finished, each man washed his bowl and spoon, and a little after sunrise we started up the valley. Two hundred yards beyond the lowland road a halt was made, and here the others removed their Sunday clothes and dressed in a manner more suitable for crossing the bush land. Some put on *pareus*, trussed up like swimming trunks; others wore the ragged remnants of trousers cut off well above the knee. All were naked above the waist.

We proceeded inland along the river, through groves of wild chestnut trees, sometimes walking in the stream, sometimes along

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a slippery foot-path on the bank, mounting higher and higher until, looking back along the way we had come, I caught glimpses through the dense vegetation of all the lowland and of the sea beyond. For more than an hour we passed through country where mountain plantain grew in great abundance, but we made no halt here to gather fruit. Tuahu explained to me that the tract lowest in the valley was reserved for the children, and that next above it, on the lower slopes of the mountain, for the old men and for the women. It would be a mean and sneaking thing for any man in the full strength of manhood to cut fei from these tracts. At last we came to a waterfall where those who had gone on before awaited the stragglers. Pauoto was speaking as we came up.

Pauoto: Only one iron ship have I ever seen sink. It was the battleship which struck on the reef off Opunohu Bay; and yet I do not understand how an iron ship can float.

Faaipo: I will explain it to you, Pauoto. Iron ships float because of many things in them which cannot sink; ovovai mattresses for example.

Tevearai: One can see that you know little of iron ships, Faaipo. It is the air in the ship which holds it up.

Tuahu: You are right, Tevearai. My white son here has told me that.

Faaipo: But how can that be? The air would easily escape and then the ship go down like a stone. The long and the short of it is that the iron ship floats because the white man made it. Everyone knows that if one of us were to make an iron ship it would sink to the bottom of the sea.

Tuahu: That is true, for the white men have knowledge we children of the islands can never have.

Myself: How is that, Tuahu?

Tuahu: Have you not heard the story of how God made the land and the sky? Well, it was in this fashion: All the children of the islands and the *popaas* (white men) as well were standing before God, and He said to them: "The things I shall now do you must know nothing of. Therefore close your eyes and put your hands over your eyes, and do not remove your hands until I have finished my work." So the children of Tahiti and the *popaas* all closed their eyes and held their hands over them as they had been told, and God set to work making the earth and sea and sky and

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all the things found there. The children of these islands obeyed God and did not once look until all had been finished. But the white men were curious. They opened their eyes and peeked through their fingers, and saw how God made iron and gold and where he placed them; and how the trees and plants were made, and everything there is. We children of the islands saw none of these things, and so we know little, and the white men rule us and take our islands for their own.

Myself: But Tuahu, how could this be? How could there be men looking on when God had not yet finished making the earth and the sky and the sea?

Faaipo: Your son is right, Tuahu, and you are a foolish old man. Where would they stand, the people, before the earth was made?

Tuahu paid no attention to Faaipo, but there was a little twinkle in his eyes as he turned to me. "Ah Roparti," he said, "Why do you ask me? You should know this, not I, for your fathers were among those who peeked."

It was cool and pleasant in the upper slopes of the valley, a delightful place to rest after the long climb. I hoped we might remain there indefinitely, for often in these impromptu conversations the natives all but forgot that I was a *popaa* and gave me curious glimpses into their minds. But after a ten minute halt Tuahu rose and motioning me to follow him, went straight for the steepest part of the mountain. The others scattered to various parts of the valley walls and had soon disappeared from view. Tuahu climbed steadily for a quarter of an hour; then coming to a clump of bamboo he cut two poles about five feet long. On these we would carry our fei, half of the load at either end. He also stripped the tough bark from some young hibiscus shoots, with which to fasten the heavy bunches to the poles. We went on again, zig-zagging back and forth up the steep slope and came out at last on a knife-edged ridge overlooking a vast tract of low-land. I was streaming with perspiration and puffing hard. Tuahu smiled, a little apologetically I thought.

"You must not be angry, Roparti, because I have brought you to this difficult place for our fei, but since this is the first time you have come we will show the others and Terii, that rogue of a daughter of mine, that there is no need for you to come again

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unless you choose. Furthermore this is the Great Cliff of Autara and the fei growing here belong to your own land of Hitireia on the lagoon."

He went on to tell me that in these days when the population of the island has greatly decreased, there is more than enough fei for every one; but years ago each section of the mountain land was divided and portioned out to the residents of the lowland tracts. It was the custom then, and one still followed, for each family to take fei from the mountain lands assigned to their own valley lands.

"The fei, as you know, is of the greatest value to us. It belongs to all of us, to the land itself and not to any one man or family, so the tracts are divided and the fei cut as I have explained. But come! We have far to return and it is time we set to work."

Groves of plantain covered the long steep slope. I cut two large bunches and Tuahu five. My small load must have been nearly a hundredweight, and having tied it at either end of the pole I started sliding down the Great Cliff of Autara. Tuahu soon saw that the task was too much for me, so he told me to leave my fei on a narrow shelf of land where I had stopped to rest, and that he would come back later and get them. The old man descended the mountainside with the agility of a panther, swinging his enormous burden from shoulder to shoulder to avoid contact with trees and brush. For all the weight of it he rarely slipped, threw his whole weight on stones which held like pilings, while I, with only myself to carry, slipped clumsily down, proceeded by a small avalanche of rock and earth. I was glad that Terii could not see me at that moment. A little above the fei trail I sat down to wait for Tuahu who had returned for my load. He came back with five bunches instead of the two I had cut. "Good Lord!" I thought, "Does he expect me to carry all that?" I said nothing but I knew it would be impossible, even along the trail.

It was then about two o'clock, and I was for getting on at once, for I was hungry and the mosquitoes were very annoying in the depths of the valley. Tuahu, however, was in no hurry. Since he was the leader of the expedition it was necessary, he said, that we should let the others pass before us. Soon they began to come, swinging jauntily along the trail at a gait midway between a walk and a trot. The younger men carried four or five bunches each,

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the older ones from six to eight, the weight nicely adjusted on their poles. Faaipo was the last. He sauntered lazily along humming a little tune, and with such a load that for a moment I forgot the mosquitoes. He carried a burden of at least three hundred pounds. Tuahu hailed him as he passed below our resting place: "*Ua reva Tanoa?*" (Has Tanoa gone?) He looked up quickly. "What are you doing, you two, looking over the valley of Teahatea? Yes, Tanoa has gone."

He himself seemed in no hurry to proceed. Without putting down his load he took a box of matches and a little tin of tobacco from under his hat, toasted a leaf of tobacco over the flame of a match, rolled it in a strip of dried pandanus leaf and lit it. This, I well knew, was a swagger of superiority for the benefit of the white man, as much as to say, "You see what loads we islanders carry?" I was tempted to make some acknowledgment of his tremendous strength, but refrained and a moment later, readjusting his load with a quick deft movement, he disappeared among the trees.

"We will go now," said Tuahu. "It was my wish that there should be no one behind us for you will rest many times on the way down, and I would be ashamed if any of the young men should see that you are not as strong as they. You are not of course, and that is to be expected, for we islanders are accustomed to this work from boyhood. Nevertheless, my son, you will gain fame this day, and for all that you are white, no one will ever dare say that you are not a true son of the islands."

I wondered, a little uneasily, just what Tuahu meant by that as I watched him reassorting our loads. It was a relief when I saw that eight of our ten bunches of fei were fastened to his own pole. He swung them to his shoulder with something of an effort for all his great strength, and I followed with the remaining two. The going was not so bad at first. I found that by continually changing my load from one shoulder to the other and resting often I could get along fairly well, but within half an hour the pole began to burn into my shoulder, and adjust the burden as I would there was no relief. The remainder of the journey was worse than a nightmare, for it was reality. The sweat poured into my eyes almost blinding them. Sharp pains stabbed through my chest; and my shoulders, unprotected by paddings of callous,

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seemed all bones. I stubbed my toes continually, slipped over the wet stones. Branches from overhanging trees slapped me across the face. At last, after what seemed hours of agonized effort we reached the place where the men had changed from their Sunday clothes. Here we rested for a long time, Tuahu untying the fei rearranged our loads, five bunches to each pole!

"All the people of Vaiite know," he said, "that you are a child of mine, and I have told them that you are a true son of the islands. Some have laughed when I said this, and only this morning Otaroa said: 'I will eat at one meal all the fei the white man carries down from the mountains.' He shall eat his words, my son, but he will not eat these five large bunches of fei which I now place on your pole. They need not know that you brought a child's load through the valley. It is enough that they see you with a burden large enough for any but the strongest men. Can you carry this for my sake? We have but three hundred yards to go."

I was touched by the old man's words, by his regard for me and his concern for my honor in the district. Therefore I resolved to do the impossible for his sake if not for my own. After we had had a refreshing swim in the river, Tuahu lifted my load and placed it gently on my shoulder, a weight of nearly two hundred pounds as I afterward learned. Every muscle in my legs burned like cords of fire, but I struggled on, out of the dense bush to the road. There, in full view of the village I dared not fail. A group of girls were washing clothes by the bridge. "*Roparti Tané!*" (Roparti the man) they cried, in amazement. I smiled, but I fear it was rather a wan pinched smile. Tuahu who walked behind me, chaffed with them, and told them there was not a youth in the village who could carry a load of fei with such ease as I had done. "You should have seen him coming down the Great Wall of Autara!" he cried proudly, and in spite of my agony I was amused at this, remembering how I had come, and gained new strength for the last effort. Somehow I even managed to saunter the last fifteen yards into the midst of the natives gathered around Tuahu's cook-house. Reretu, Tuahu's wife was kneeling by the native oven and Terii grating cocoanuts by the doorstep. "*Roparti Tané!*" they too exclaimed. This is an expression of surprise, of pleasure, of admiration all in one.

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"*Ai ja!*" said Tuahu, as we threw off our loads. "It is a long journey down from the Great Cliff of Autara!"

"What!" said Terii, "You did not go there for your fei?"

"And where else should we go?" said Tuaha. "Is not the Great Cliff attached to Roparti's land of Hitireia? It is the farthest of all the fei tracts, and therefore I suggested to Roparti that he cut his fei from one of my lands lower in the valley, but this child of mine would not listen. He climbed the Great Cliff and you see what large bunches grow there? You have done well to call him a man!"

So my laurels were won, — after a fashion, and many a time since that never-to-be-repeated day, when Tuahu and I are talking with some fine old native of another district, the following conversation takes place:

Visitor: The white man here, a valuable thing?

Tuahu: Valuable, you have spoken truth.

Visitor: Has he any important work to do?

Tuahu: Work is no name for it. His is the largest taro patch on the island.

Visitor: Has he a wife?

Tuahu: Soon I hope. He is wise, this son of mine. He will make a choice in his own good time.

Inwardly I am blushing for shame as I listen to Tuahu's huge lies in my behalf. But there is still some doubt in the stranger's mind; white men as a rule are such a worthless lot. So he asks the final inevitable question, quietly, rather diffidently, for he is reluctant to embarrass his host: "Does the man here go for fei?"

Then Tuahu, who has been waiting for this, straightens up and answers in a great voice: "Does he go for fei? You have heard of the Great Cliff of Autara, the farthest and the hardest to reach of all the fei groves in the valley? Well, it is there my son goes, for the Great Cliff belongs to his land of Hitireia. He is like one of the ancient race, this son of mine; a true child of the islands. He carries five large bunches at a time, passing the young men who rest along the way and not stopping once till he reaches the sea."

So, thanks to Tuahu, my fame grows, and so often has he told the story of my achievements that he has come to believe it. As for myself, I am content with my laurels and have never since climbed the Great Cliff of Autara.

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THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

A Symposium by Professors Harlow Shapley, Edward C. Jeffrey, and Kirsopp Lake, edited by Frank C. Davison

"FORMERLY the theologian and philosopher were alone considered competent to study the problem of life's origin. Later the rights of the biologist were recognized in such speculations, and now we see that the origin is a problem for the chemist, and that the geologist and astronomer are concerned." Thus a certain watcher of the skies who will be quoted at greater length presently. According to many sages, past and present, life is merely a sort of dream. Not an *empty* dream, protests the poet. But poets do not deign to prove their asseverations; the infallibility of their Muse is unquestioned. And what poet, savant, or truck-driver will adduce unimpeachable evidence that a ton of coal is not an empty dream, to say nothing of life itself and its sad satiety. The fact that we know, roughly, the origin, price, cellar displacement, and destiny of a ton of coal seems to establish its reality in our minds. But life, unlike coal, comes from nowhere to speak of, costs a sum which is either too big or too small to be reckoned, and goes, for all we know, where the air in punctured tires goes; the only evidence of its reality being that any given witness is under the impression that he lives. Cross-examine him with the aid of a bullet and the case is lost.

A few months ago an astronomer, a biologist, and a metaphysician stood on a rostrum in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and bent their knowledge and wits upon a synthetic treatment of this fascinating riddle. They were Harlow Shapley, Director of the Harvard Observatory; Edward C. Jeffrey, Professor of Plant Morphology; and Kirsopp Lake, Winn Professor of Ecclesiastical History, — three wise men of Harvard with respective leanings toward the heavens, the earth, and the ether. What did they make of the riddle? Sad to relate, not much more than the poet who said that life is real, life is earnest. But although all three ended in the same blind alley, they had come toward it each over a different road, and on their way had noted marvels that cannot fail to tease and exhilarate the imagination of any one afflicted with a tinge of the divine discontent.

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In other words, the layman, at the end of it all, is more mystified than ever, yet more than ever curious. He has been casually told, for example, that "there are far deeper mysteries than the origin of life," a statement which implies that we humans who have been deluded into believing ourselves the chosen of God are scarcely more noble than a species of bacteria worrying at the glands of the universe and producing on its skin an eruption known as civilization. We are made to feel that we are scum on the waters of the cosmos, or fungus. It's humilating in the extreme, — yet what a vertiginous conception of the rest of the cosmos it evokes!

We are reminded that the span of our life is contemptibly short compared with the life of a block of granite (which also undergoes changes through the eons), and there is an implication that the stupid granite may be fulfilling a destiny far more divine than ours. No wonder the Sphinx smiles!

And having got firm hold of this distressing concept, we are made to volte face and entertain the proposition that the essence of life is a vague indeterminate force that, for its own obscure eternal ends, clothes itself in our bodies, asserts itself through our brains, and when we are threadbare casts us off for a fresh garment, — all dressed up, as it were, and no place to go!

Let the savants speak for themselves; we have their permission to abridge their remarks, — remarks which were uttered, be it noted, in the friendliest and most modest fashion, with no thought of imposing a creed and merely in the interest of blazing a trail toward the truth.

First the astronomer, Professor Shapley:

"The rapid progress of the natural sciences during the last generation, or even during the last decade, has supplied reasons for restating our views of the importance of life in the universe. There is one reason, perhaps, why we should consider that life now has more cosmic significance than was formerly assigned to it. The recent analyses of the chemical constitution of man, beast, rock, and star, by the chemist, the geophysicist, and the astrophysicist, have brought to light the remarkable uniformity of chemical composition throughout the universe. Little as we human beings are, so temporary in time and space, yet the

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chemical elements of which we are composed are also the predominant elements in the crust of the earth, and are prominent, if not predominant, components in the structure of the fiery and gaseous stars. We are, chemically, made of nothing unusual or exotic, we are a part of the general scheme of things, and we could ask for no higher immortality than to be, as we seem to be, made of the same undying stuff as the eternal stars.

"The knowledge that the same kind of electrons, protons, and chemical atoms make up living organisms and the remote stars and nebulae seems to me to enhance the significance of life. On the other hand there are several products of modern scientific research which seem to diminish its significance almost to the vanishing point. One of these developments is due to researches in physiology, and the others, as might be expected, are deductions from studies of the stars and planets. The finiteness of man has long been appreciated; but the newer researches emphasize his casualness by enhancing the multiplicity and magnificence in the cosmos that enshrouds him.

"Investigations by the physiologist during the last generation have shown, as emphasized in the writings of Professor L. J. Henderson, that the terrestrial organism is a delicately balanced phenomenon: it could not continue as it is except for special devices of the environment. The existing chemical structure of the atmosphere, of water, of the crust of the earth, and of the organism itself, is an absolute necessity for life's processes. To me that condition indicates that life cannot be considered a common product of the universe. If there were slight and casual changes in the composition of the atmosphere, or small changes in the mean temperature or atmospheric pressure, the reactions we call organic life would disappear, while many of the inorganic phases would remain and continue the predetermined development. Life thus appears to be a temporary phase in the physical chemistry of the universe, — highly interesting to us, but not cosmically significant.

"The new researches of the astrophysicist have shown that the dimensions of the sidereal universe, and the numbers of the stars, are vastly larger than our fathers believed. The galaxy is now measured in hundreds of thousands of light years, and the stars reckoned by thousands of millions. The sun is only a small star,

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but it has a million times the volume of our parasitic planet, and it generates its own heat and outpouring energy. The earth therefore diminishes in material importance as the knowledge of the stars increases.

"The duration of various recognizable stellar manoeuvres has been found by recent study to be immensely greater than we previously thought. We no longer consider the earth as comparable in age with the stars. We see the origin of the earth, and its subsequent development of life, as one detail in the recent history of the evolution of stars, and now we better recognize the brevity of past organic existence.

"It is also found of late, through stellar investigations, that the solar system is not centrally situated with respect to the larger organization of stars and nebulae. Not only is the sun eccentrically located, far from the center of the galactic system, but it is ordinary in size and brightness. Long ago we had to give up the geocentric idea of the universe, and now we give up the heliocentric view. With that surrender, the significance of the earth-limited organism again decreases.

"But from the astronomer's point of view, the most potent factor in decreasing our respect for life as a primal factor of the cosmos is the prevalent interpretation of the origin of the planetary system. The nebular hypothesis has been abandoned, and in giving that up we give up also the idea that the birth of planets (that may later bear life) is the normal process in the evolution of a star. We now see in the birth of the earth a fortuitous circumstance, — the encounter of our sun, some thousands of millions of years ago, with a greater star, resulting in the tidal disruption of the outer layers of the solar atmosphere. From the débris of that encounter the planets have formed; and, because no similar encounter has since occurred (for which we may thank our lucky stars), the family of fragments has been maintained long enough for the development of protoplasmic chemistry.

"The only life we know is terrestrial. An analogous chemistry may exist on Mars, to be sure, despite its low temperature and thin air. Venus offers a possible organic home, but, hidden in its clouds, we cannot observe details, and speculation avails nothing. Possibly in other rare regions organic chemistry has developed; every star, if it has an appropriate disaster, is the potential

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parent of protoplasmically infested planets. But once born, a planet must meet rigid requirements of orbit, temperature, mass, and chemistry to maintain an inhabitable crust for delicate growths. Possibly life exists in the vague and distant elsewhere, but we have no proofs; and, anyway, the remote nebulae are more fundamental and enduring.

"To summarize the astronomer's contribution to the symposium on the 'Origin of Life,' we may ask what he, who ponders the stars, believes is the nature of material life. His tentative answer will be that life is a highly complicated *ensemble* of chemical reactions, subject to the laws of the physical universe; it is an unstable and very delicately balanced chemistry, a hurried side show during the methodical evolution of the stars, a fortuitous by-product in a universe that has more significant ends in view than the toleration of this protoplasmic complex.

"What can he tell of the origin of life? That it is apparently but one phase in a natural chemical evolution, — the inevitable development of matter and energy when the physical conditions in the environment are right.

"What can he say of the place of human life in space? Trivial; a small but boisterous bit of the organic scum that for the time being coats part of the surface of one small planet which is itself a cast-off fragment of a star, — of a star that is now indifferently situated in a system of thousands of millions of similar stars.

"What can he tell of the place of life in time? Temporary; the stars evolved and revolved for eons before the earth was born, — they will doubtless continue to fulfil their destiny, to roll on quite unperturbed, long after the scum has evaporated and the terrestrial experiment is over.

"What can he tell of the significance of life, if any, in the march of sidereal evolution? What of its meaning? Stars are great in the universe; nebulae are materially important; perhaps also the mind of which we boast is significant cosmically. But if so, we cannot limit mind to the human species, or to the higher animals, or even to animate forms. If mind is mighty in the universe, it transcends life mystically in time and space and nature, leaving protoplasm and material living as irrelevant by-plays of chemistry in a universe of stars and nebulae that heed life not at all."

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Second the biologist, Professor Jeffrey:

"We biologists are strictly confined to Mother Earth in our investigations. We cannot, like the astronomer, peer into the mysteries of the empyrean, for the methods of astrophysics and astrochemistry are not open to us. We are, by force of circumstances, wholly worldings, and have no methods by which we can test the possible existence of life on other spheres than ours. No spectroscope or telescope has yet been designed which reveals the presence or nature of life on the surface of the heavenly bodies. As yet, tiny earth, less than one-millionth the size of the sun, is so far as we know the only abode of life.

"It is universally believed by biologists that the earliest life originated in the waters, which already at a remote epoch covered the earth's stony shell or lithosphere. Of this primitive and probably abundant aquatic life we have relatively little information, since it is estimated that three-fifths of geologic time had passed away before the bodies of the early plants and animals became sufficiently substantial to leave recognizable remains or even imprints in the sedimentary rocks which make up sixty miles or more, in depth, of the outer crust of our world. It follows, as a matter of course, that we have little real knowledge of the origin of life in the waters under the earth.

"The nature of life has been the subject of much controversy among biologists. The more vocal among us at the present time assume that life is explainable, or at any rate will ultimately be explained, in accordance with recognized principles of physics and chemistry. The holders of this view call themselves mechanists and designate all who do not agree with their outlook vitalists. It does not appear, however, that the mechanists really know anything more about what we call life than those who are willing to call it for the present an unsolved mystery. Further, if life were explainable in terms of physics and chemistry, there would appear to be no need of a special science of life. In any case, the name by which all students of this field of science have agreed to call themselves, namely biologist, is merely old vitalist writ large.

"Without entering into technical and controversial matters, it may be stated that living matter is distinguished from inani-

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mate matter by two features. The first and more important of these is the capacity for reproduction. This property is entirely absent in matter devoid of life. Copper cannot reproduce copper, nor gold give rise to other gold. Living matter possesses this unique characteristic. Living matter, secondly, is able to undergo indefinite and unpredictable change. This is vividly shown by the remains of plants and animals entombed in the geological strata. In the ancient or paleozoic period living beings were in general very different from what they are at present, and similarly in the middle ages of our earth (mesozoic) we find abundant remains of organisms which, in general, occupy an intermediate position between those of the paleozoic and the present.

"There is no such general contrast in the inorganic structure of our earth. Limestones of the ancient periods were not unlike those which are forming at the present time, and gold and iron in the lower strata are quite similar to those mined or dredged today in the placers and on the bars of the Yukon. Inanimate matter does change, but the changes are regular and predictable, and thus strikingly differ from those of living matter. For example, it has been more recently shown that the element uranium, by giving off a definite amount of the element helium, becomes radium, and thus, in turn, by setting free an additional definite amount of helium, becomes lead.

"When Moses, at the command of our Lord, plagued Egypt that the Chosen People might be allowed to depart to the Promised Land, the Egyptian magicians are reported to have attempted to do likewise with their enchantments. The biological thaumaturgists and miracle-workers of the present day have not been able, however, with the most elaborate equipments the world has ever seen, to produce even a single plausible imitation of the phenomenon of life.

"It is often dogmatically stated that the existence of life depends wholly on unchanging physical and chemical laws. The modern science of bacteriology appears very definitely to negative such a view. Bacteria are, on the whole, the smallest organisms known to us, are also the most strongly vital and the most easily reproduced. Their rate of respiration is often fifty times as great as that of the higher animals, and the rapidity and ease of their multiplication is almost unbelievable. It has been esti-

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mated, for example, that a single cholera organism would, under favorable conditions, produce sixteen tons of matter in twenty-four hours, although the individual itself is so small that the higher powers of the microscope are required for its recognition. In spite of the particularly favorable conditions presented by bacteria, in regard to ease and rapidity of reproduction, there is no authenticated case where these extremely simple and easily developed organisms have appeared otherwise than as the progeny of preceding bacteria.

"We shall have to modify accordingly the dictum that the existence of life depends upon unchanging chemical and physical laws, by adding that not only must the chemical and physical conditions be favorable, but that life itself must also be present as the starting point of further life. The enormous industry of the bacteriologists during the past half century has accordingly furnished us with rigidly exact proof that, no matter how favorable the conditions may be otherwise, life can originate only from life and in no wise from dead matter. The astronomer has investigated the chemical and physical conditions present on other planets, and the fundamental results of these investigations can not but arouse the admiration and enthusiasm of the intellectual world at large. It is, however, quite inadmissible to assume the presence of life on other planets and heavenly bodies because the physical and chemical conditions are such as would render life possible. Until the astronomers or chemists invent an instrument which will reveal the presence of life on other worlds than ours, as clearly as the telescope and spectroscope demonstrate the physical and chemical organization of celestial bodies, the biologist must continue in doubt as regards the existence of living matter elsewhere than on the home sphere."

Third the metaphysician, Professor Lake:

"The astronomer has told us that life is 'a delicate, an unstable condition.' I admit that I have sometimes felt that way, and I have no doubt that the statement is entirely and absolutely correct, but I would submit that all through his discussion when he said 'life' he meant 'us,' and I am not yet wholly convinced of the impossibility of there being other forms of life under other conditions which would not quite conform to all that has been

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said either by him or by the biologist. I should feel quite sure that that were so if I felt capable of giving an entirely satisfactory definition of what I do mean by life, but I am faced by the difficulty that I do not quite know what I, or even the astronomer or the biologist, do mean by the word 'life.'

"The theory of life which existed in former generations was that we are alive (by which it was meant we are conscious of ourselves) because into a material body there has been put something called 'spirit' or 'soul,' by some supernatural power. That was not only a theory of the origin of life but also a description of its nature. It is a combination of flesh and blood with spirit or soul. Go on a little further, and you find that even in the third century, — and on this point we have not really advanced much, if at all, since the third century, — it had begun to be obvious that this was not satisfactory because it left out of consideration that side of the world which is not material at all, and even soul or spirit was essentially material. Your soul or your spirit might be very subtle, but still it was something which conformed to the laws of matter. It had shape. It had form. It could under certain circumstances be seen and felt. This was essentially a materialistic point of view; but theologians then arose who said, 'But we believe that there is a world which is *not material.*'

"I am as certain myself of the existence of the immaterial as I am of the existence of the material. I do not doubt either; and it seems to me that the life in which I am interested is at present a combination of the two. Let us consider some of the implications of this statement. As we are at present we certainly are material, and we have to conform to the laws of the material. Moreover, regarded as material combinations, our career in this world, or so far as we can see in any other, is likely to be short. The combination of material atoms which make up human beings is a very transient phenomenon, and one of the questions which has to be asked in considering life, even from the point of view of the theologian, is how far the phenomena of life are due to those material surroundings. For instance, it is tolerably obvious that our senses cannot exist if we have not got the material instruments with which to gratify them. If you have not got a material body you cannot have the life of the senses. Sensuous life must disappear when the body which has the senses is gone.

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"What about memory? To my mind it is essentially the artificial reproduction of sensations which have really ceased. You remember a sensation which you had in the past, and if your memory is sufficiently acute you can scarcely tell the difference between what really happened in the past and your memory of it. It is thus a repetition of a sensory reaction. If that is so, I fail to see how memory can continue when our material existence has come to an end. It seems to me that it must go.

"How do I know anything about this, and how can I talk not only about the material but about the immaterial and distinguish between them? Well, the old philosophers said that one knew the difference between them because one had a mind, and that inasmuch as the mind was capable of perceiving that which is immaterial, therefore the mind must be partly, at least, immaterial. You cannot have, according to this theory, the process of thinking, which is a series of sensations, without a brain, but you might have thought, provided you have a mind, and the question is not yet settled whether brain and mind are the same thing. When I get to that stage I admit that I have got as far as I can think clearly, or even a little farther, and I am never perfectly sure whether there is not a trick in my own thinking and in my own language at the point when I pass from the consideration of thinking, the process, to the consideration of thought.

"There, then, is the fundamental contention of the educated theologians from the third century after Christ onwards, and so far as I see we have not progressed one step further. Nor do I see that anything which astronomers or biologists have to say interferes in the least with what I have been saying."

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WHERE SHALL THE PROGRESSIVE GO?

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

IS it possible that the progressive element which twelve years ago polled nearly a million more votes than the Republicans has capitulated? Although the chairmanship of congressional committees and the leadership of the Republican party are in the hands of ultra-conservatives, there is effective resistance on the part of men imbued with the principles of progressivism. Though many of them are politically homeless, they will vote against whichever ticket seems most reactionary, and hence objectionable.

AT various times in the past few years many who like to believe that they are Progressives in politics have had to submit themselves to self-examination to find out with which party they would align themselves when finally there came some semblance of order out of the political chaos. At various times there have been gentlemen of position and influence in the ranks not only of the Republicans and Democrats but even of the Third Party who have taken the attitude that it made little difference what happened to the Progressives, — at least those Progressives who thought they represented the Roosevelt idea, — and, if there were any left, the best place for them to go to would be Gehenna.

In the last number of THE FORUM I referred to a statement by William Hard, at one time the ablest political correspondent in the country, to the effect that the Roosevelt middle-of-the-road Progressive had passed and that hereafter the battle, at least within the Republican Party, was "between the ideas of Calvin Coolidge and Robert La Follette." If this were true, or even partly true, there would be no excuse for discussing the question "Where shall the Progressive Go?" for apparently in the opinion of Mr. Hard and a great many able politicians, to say nothing of men who are not politicians, the Progressives of the Roosevelt school "have went."

It is quite possible that the writer is of that contumacious type that does not yield readily to what others regard as a preponderance of evidence. On the other hand, it does not seem possible that a movement which in 1912 polled 4,282,214 votes against a Republican vote of 3,483,922 should have absolutely spent itself in a decade. It is true that the conservative wing of the Republican Party, first under Mr. Harding and more recently under

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Mr. Coolidge, has dominated the party, but it is also true that a combination of the Progressives and the Radicals with the Democrats have rendered the conservative Republican program ineffective. Almost daily during the last session of Congress it was evident that the conservative President and the conservative leaders in Congress were able to agree on little more than what they should eat for breakfast.

While the chairmanship of the congressional committees and the leadership of the party are in the hands of the ultra-conservatives, no one who reads the Congressional Record, — and it is a sorry fashion that ascribes dullness or unimportance to that interesting journal, — can fail to realize that the men who have been giving the effective Republican twist to government have not been Mr. Watson of Indiana, Mr. Fess of Ohio, Mr. Reed of Pennsylvania, or any others of the Old Guard, but the small group of Progressives, — Johnson of California, Borah of Idaho, Norris of Nebraska, Couzens of Michigan, Norbeck of South Dakota, — who despite the eastern editorial designation of "radicals" have kept "regular" within the party and have refused to let eastern conservative editors decide their political complexion.

So much for the parliamentary situation as it justifies us in discussing the question as to what the Progressive may do on the theory that there is a large body of Progressives, principally within the Republican Party, who are without voice in the party, or, say, in its principles and management. When one comes to the journalistic situation, it is true that there are comparatively few progressive papers in the country, but the number includes some very virile ones, — for example, the Chicago "Tribune" and the Philadelphia "North American," while in the west there are quite a few aggressive journals of the type of the Watertown (S. D.) "Public Opinion" and the Sioux City "Tribune."

When it comes to the third political stratum, we find that in at least two States, — Pennsylvania and Montana, — the Governors, Mr. Gifford Pinchot and Mr. Joseph M. Dixon, are former associates of Theodore Roosevelt and are still stubbornly aggressive in the line of his principles. In other words, it seems to me that instead of the Roosevelt Progressives having passed away, they still constitute at least a respectable minority within the Republican Party.

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As to the Progressive strength within the Democratic Party, there is little evidence that it has diminished since Woodrow Wilson drew to himself and his party large numbers who had up to that time ranged themselves with the Independents. In fact the Democratic Party, under the leadership of Senators Walsh and Wheeler of Montana and other Democratic Senators, has increased its Progressive strength. Without question many who have hitherto regarded themselves as Progressives have as a result of the disclosures of corruption decided to cast their lot with the radical wing of the Republican Party, led by Senator La Follette. To this course they have been assisted by such men as former State Senator Elsberg of New York, who has insisted that Johnson and Borah should be "driven out" of the party, and by Senators Fess and Watson of Ohio who have publicly defended Fall, Denby, and Daugherty. If the Third Party receives a large vote this fall it will unquestionably be due to the many Progressives who have had little sympathy with La Follette heretofore but have decided to support him as a rebuke to the reactionary control of the Republican Party and the attitude that the Republican leaders have taken toward the corruption of the past three years.

Thus large numbers of the Roosevelt Progressives find themselves without a political home and will probably vote to defeat the ticket that they consider most objectionable. In this course the Republican Party is bound to suffer, for while, under the leadership of Roosevelt, large numbers went back to the party in 1916, the attitude of the party leaders in the past ten months has been that of impatient intolerance of all that Theodore Roosevelt stood for. Whether the Roosevelt Progressives are few or many, they will, I believe, have much to say in the decision that is to be made in November, despite the popular opinion that the drive made by the business interests for the Mellon tax plan will overshadow all other issues. Once the election is over we may expect to see a new Progressive movement.

Surely, as Pierrepont B. Noyes has pointed out, it is folly for business men and politicians to assume that with England, France, and Germany leading in liberalism and radicalism, there is no place in this country for the milder middle of the road progressivism. If this country is to be saved from radicalism, it

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is the progressive and not the conservative who is going to do the saving. Never has the conservative element shown such incapacity for government as it has in the past four years, and especially in the past ten months, when leader after leader, from the highest to the lowest, has prated of the law and legal observances as to condemning corruptionists when the times called for moral indignation, almost unrestrained.

In the face of this failure, the Progressive has felt that his cause, even if supported by only a few, has been the highest, and the demand for Progressive principles imperative. To the conservative leaders whose attitude toward venality has been more than conservative, he addresses the spirited words of a famous liberal leader of fiction to his recalcitrant conservative son:

"Do you recognize no duty but what the laws impose upon you? Should you be disposed to eat and drink in bestial excess, because the laws would not hinder you? Should you lie and sleep all the day, the law would say nothing! Should you neglect every duty which your position imposes on you, the law could not interfere! To such a one as you the law can be no guide. You should so live as not to come near the law, — or to have the law come near to you. From all evil against which the law bars you, you should be barred, at an infinite distance, by honor, by conscience, and by nobility. Does the law require patriotism, philanthropy, self-abnegation, public service, purity of purpose, devotion to the needs of others who have been placed in the world below you? The law is a great thing, — because men are poor and weak and bad. And it is great, because where it exists in its strength no tyrant can be above it. But between you and me, there should be no mention of law as the guide of conduct. Speak to me of honor, of duty, and of nobility; and tell me what *they* require of you."

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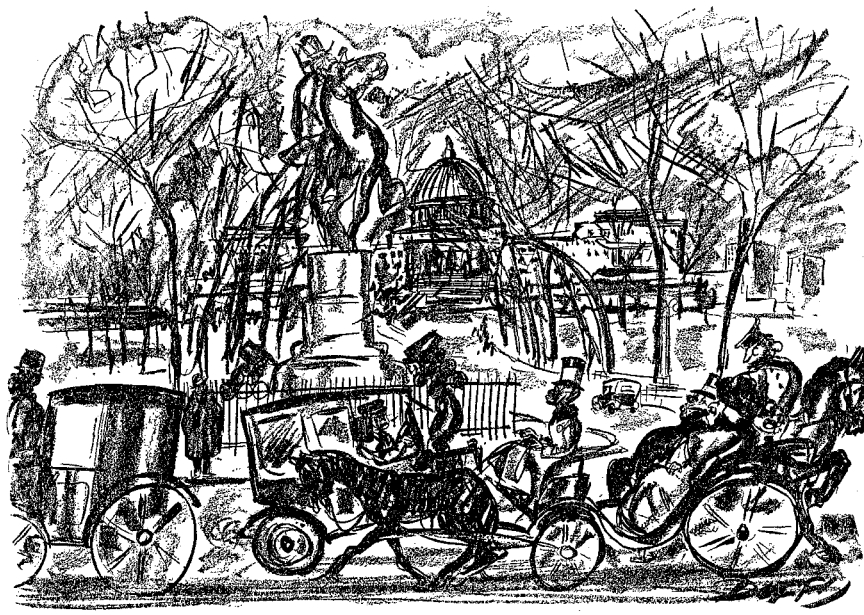

WASHINGTON SEES IT THROUGH

EDMUND DUFFY

THE skeptical citizen has a number of notions about the machinery of government at Washington. He doubts that the recent upheavals, investigations, and explosions have seriously disturbed the politicians. The excitement, he fancies, is largely journalistic. He pictures Cabinet officers, Senators, and Representatives as calm and methodical through it all: the Representative sending out his annual consignment of lettuce seed, the Senator urbanely directing visiting constituents to the Washington Monument, and the Cabinet officer sending his warmest greetings to the less nomadic voters back home. The skeptic doubts that governmental Washington is shaken from boundary to boundary by the tempest in a teapot. And, in point of fact, the skeptic is right.

Washington has an even tenor. The main channel of its life goes on steadily, ceaselessly, unaffected by storms of even such tremendous fierceness as those that have passed through there this year. The numerous temples dedicated to Government remain unshaken. Their tenants remain amiable and calm. Senator Magnus Johnson found time, while posing, to tell the artist an anecdote of his youth in Minnesota. Senator Copeland admonished him to be careful of his diet. Senator Cummins for a moment regarded it as of paramount importance that his hair is not as long as it was depicted. There is any amount of conversation possible in Washington without reference to front-page topics.

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The Little Father of all the Americans

BASCOM SLEMP
Emissary of the Old Guard at headquarters

FRANK W. STEARNS
The President's guide, philosopher, and friend

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COPELAND

REED

UNDERWOOD

A Quartette of Democrats

EDWARDS

A savior of the nation, in the act of saving it, — a daily occurrence in the Senate

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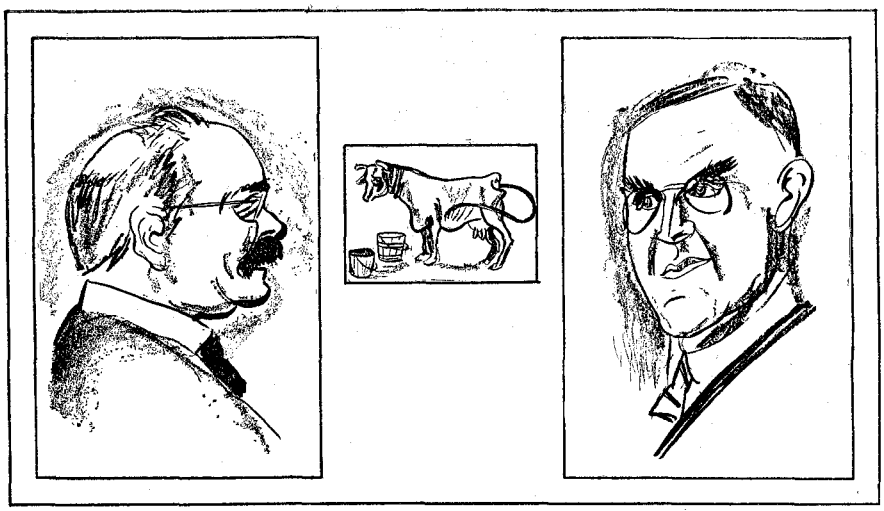

SENATOR MAGNUS JOHNSON, *illustrious dirt farmer, and* HENRY C. WALLACE, *Secretary of Agriculture, with the cow that they milked and immortalized*

Greeting the Boys from home

HENRY CABOT LODGE
Inventor of a self-starting World Court, that wouldn't start

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THE CORN BELT RENAISSANCE

WEARE HOLBROOK

THANKS to the new school of novelists we are all pretty thoroughly versed in the secret yearnings and complexes of the average farmer's wife, to say nothing of the average hired girl. What will happen to these unhappy creatures when they begin to read the stories about themselves? And would the well-known farmers' problem be solved at last if the average farmer could be persuaded to read contemporary American fiction? A professional book-reviewer nowadays feels qualified to go out and run any farm in Iowa.

THERE is feverish literary activity in the region of the Mississippi Valley. Countless novels are being published, magazines founded, prizes awarded, in an attempt to establish a distinctive *genre*. And a stupendous monotony has been achieved.

Almost every unsuccessful newspaper reporter and small-time college instructor seems to be writing "elemental" stories about the strong, silent, bovinely stupid women of the Great Open Spaces Where Men Are Morons, — women who yield stolidly to the mute, inglorious embraces of the hired-man, and then pitch hay by way of penance. Apparently the corn belt renaissance has reached such heights that the writers outnumber their subjects, for many of them are writing about the same hired-girl. Which indicates that the servant problem exists in literature as elsewhere.

The chief characteristic of the mass of fiction emanating from the central States is its solid sincerity. It is honest, it is earnest, — and it is rather tiresome. The reader feels impelled to cry, "How true!" and again, "How dull!"

Not a clod, not a drip of the old pump, not a single black-rimmed finger nail escapes the eye of the mid-western Maupassant. His ox-like characters move slowly through a scene as explicit as a Sears-Roebuck catalogue. All are equipped with genealogies covering at least three generations. The future dwindles into a noncommittal row of dots, but the past is appallingly definite, — a welter of geographical, historical, and biological data. As Aunt Clarissa says, "It's just like reading the 'Weekly Democrat,' only not so interesting."

Interesting it may not be, yet there is no jollier way to spend a long winter evening than to settle oneself in a big, over-stuffed chair by the fire, light a twenty-five-cent cigar, and read a

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couple of hundred pages about the morn-to-midnight routine of a Scandinavian servant-girl on a North Dakota farm. When Huldah grubs in the cellar for moldy parsnips to feed her dear old drunken father, the chair feels softer, the fire seems cozier, the cigar grows more fragrant, — and there is a comfortable satisfaction in knowing that no one on a North Dakota farm will ever do anything unexpected or say anything worth remembering.

The average literary critic who devours a dozen novels a month probably knows more about the management of an Iowa farm than the average Iowa farmer, and certainly he knows more about the secret yearnings, inhibitions, and complexes of the average farmer's wife than that estimable lady ever dreamed of.

For the past fifty years the good people of the hinterland have been thrilled by tales of metropolitan wickedness. Even today, on the local trains that rattle from one small town to another small town, there are news-agents who offer, together with their salted peanuts, paper-bound volumes entitled, *The White Slave Traffic in the Underworld of New York.*

But all that is passing. The tables have been turned, and the city-dweller, having read of the dark and Dostoevski doings on the old homestead, now looks askance at his country cousin. The mishaps of Nellie, the beautiful cloak-model, seem trivial when Oedipus stalks the prairies.

A reading of the recent fictional output of Wisconsin, Kansas, Minnesota, Illinois, Nebraska, Iowa, and the Dakotas, makes belief in the following credo almost inevitable:

(1) That hired-men have a strange, ineluctable charm; (2) that fully sixty per cent of the children in rural communities are born out of wedlock; (3) that when a wedding occurs, the bride's father stands behind the groom with a shot-gun; (4) that cows and chickens require constant attention; (5) that farmers are always grim, silent, stoop-shouldered men; (6) that farmers' wives are perpetually *enceinte;* (7) that farmers' daughters are beaten when caught reading Tennyson; (8) that a Polish servant-girl will frequently interrupt her dalliance with Anton, to brood upon the ineffable mystery of human existence.

In short, the crossroads settlement threatens to become an *al fresco* psychopathic ward. It is only a step from Bingville to

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Bellevue. Here is David Harum walking arm in arm with Gilles de Retz, and here is Messalina driving her own 1918 Buick.

There is no objection to all of this litero-clinical research among the peasant class, so long as the subjects themselves do not realize that they are under observation. But unfortunately some of them are beginning to realize it. They are growing restive and self-conscious. Many of them are trying to live up to the novels that have been written about them. They are developing into poseurs as flagrant as any who ever breathed the garlic-laden air of Christopher Street.

That is only natural, for in this enlightened age, life shapes itself upon art quite as much as art upon life. If an impressionable, yellow-haired, red-cheeked, eighteen-year-old girl on a Minnesota farm gets hold of a story about an impressionable, yellow-haired, red-cheeked, eighteen-year-old girl on a Minnesota farm, the real girl is certain to be affected to some extent by her ink-and-paper counterpart. First thing you know, she will be looking at the harvest-hands with a strange, hungering gleam in her eyes, taking long walks in the rain, developing her complexes and neglecting her complexion; after returning from a box-social at the M. E. Church, she will strip off her clothing and roll in the grass, digging her fingers into the ground for the sheer sensual satisfaction of feeling the earth yield to her thrust; she will sit for hours, staring through the blue haze that hangs over Pa's 240, wondering what lies beyond. And no dishes will be washed.

There has been much rejoicing over the fact that our young realists of the Middle West are giving us life in its natural colors. It is true that they have put aside the rose-colored spectacles of the Victorian age. It was a brave, a noble thing to do. But astigmatism is not cured by a gesture.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By THE PEDESTRIAN

LET THEM BE CAESAR

AFTER my unhappy sally last month, when I sought to transform a futile labor discussion from a vicious circle into a beautiful parabola, I have been condemned to the society of the club bore. My good friends, the Business Man, the Economist, and the Professor, treat me a little distantly, as if I might again interfere with some radiant game of theirs, and they glance across the room with unfeigned delight when they see me cornered with Exacticus. No ordinary club bore he! Not the kind from whom you turn furtively away, not one of those famous for his unfinished stories. Exacticus pins you down, — spikes you down, in fact, — and then sits astride your chest and finishes the job. But it's not a wholly bad experience to be a listening ear now and then.

The other night, before he got me fairly down, he began with an explosion to the effect that there were only four honest men in Washington.

"What are you thinking of — the oil scandal?" I ventured to interpose.

"Did you hear me say anything about the oil scandal?" he retorted. (But this was one of his spikes; I knew better than to answer; I waited patiently for the pneumatic tool which should drive it home.) "I was thinking," he went on, "that four was rather more than we could usually expect nowadays. I mean, sir, that our Government has got entirely too large and powerful to offer any inducement to honest men. Do you mean to say that you have forgotten the principles of government for which our forefathers bled and died?" (This was a favorite device of his for "getting up" an antagonist. I may have shaken my head a little. I'm sure, though, that I didn't speak; I was spiked down.)

"The majority of people," he continued, "and I fear you are one of them, argue something like this. Prohibition or the restriction of child labor, — or almost anything that seems to them desirable, — warrants a Federal law to enforce it; and the need

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for that law warrants the necessary constitutional amendment. Do you see the fallacy? No, you don't; I can see by your face that you don't. And I confess that at first I did not; for I believed, and still believe, prohibition and the restriction of child labor and many other things highly desirable; and I indulged, as so many people do, in the futile exercise of ascribing an enormous thirst and a bottomless depravity to those people who did not approve of the Eighteenth Amendment. I supposed that Fabian Franklin, in his little book, *What Prohibition has done to America*, was absurdly fantastic when he said that, by authorizing the Federal Government to legislate in regard to individual conduct, we had opened the door to Socialism and all manner of Paternalism. 'Fifty years from now,' he said, 'it may be religion, or some other domain of life which at the present moment seems free from the danger of attack.' Absurd it seemed to me then.

"But what has happened? Not fifty years later, but only a few years later, someone proposes another Federal Amendment, to regulate child labor. And what do the wise men in Washington say? Do they remind their colleague that the Eighteenth Amendment was a recognized exception, passed by them with full consciousness that it contradicted the whole purpose of the Constitution, but passed because of a special necessity, — or for some other reason they would rather not discuss? Do they rehearse for their misguided colleague the nature and content of the document which made our Federation? Of course they don't! They pass his abominable resolution with cheers — 297 to 69! One or two feeble protests are made, cautions against increasing the powers of the Federal Government. And what, pray, do the papers report one of these feeble objectors as offering by way of argument?" Exacticus drew a clipping from his pocket and read with bitter scorn: " 'Child labor conditions are not so deplorable as described.' A congressman, observe, who says that too much Federal control is undesirable, has the audacity to give, as a *reason*, the statement that conditions are not so bad, after all!

"Now, sir, do you see the fallacy? That congressman would have admitted, we may suppose, that if conditions were as deplorable as described, *then* Federal amendments would be highly in order. In other words, he has conceded, along with the Ameri-

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can people, that dictation from Washington is the only form of government worth having, — except in the case of a few things that don't matter much!

"No one can accuse me of wishing to exploit child labor any more than he can accuse me of wanting a drink. Why, I am a school teacher, sir; it would mean money in my pocket to have the children kept at school. But I hope I shall never again fall into the error of pretending that the desirability of any given end warrants Federal legislation which deprives local governments of their obligations. You think I quibble, sir; you ask me just what is the sacred difference between State and Federal control."

I hadn't asked him, but I may have squirmed a little, — perhaps interrogatively.

"Well, sir, there's a practical difference as well as a historical one. The historical one I assume you know. But suppose we grant that we are no longer capable of governing ourselves, or that we want and must have regimentation from Washington, — the practical difference is even more important than the historical one. Our wise forefathers knew that responsible citizenship springs from obligation and participation, not from delegation. You know the needs of your immediate community; you can see things with your own eyes; you may even know some of the people you elect to office. That may lead, I am well aware, to 'pulls' and 'personal requests' for 'favors,' but I should rather see in office a man with a pull I know something about than know that there is a man in office with a pull I can't find anything about. Don't you see, sir, that you are reasonably capable of getting reliable information about town, county, and state needs? When you vote, you have at least some sense of participation; you know more or less what you want and, if you have a moral sense, you know what you ought to want. But what can you find out about national affairs? How reliable is your information? How can you test its reliability? You will probably be the victim of the most successfully organized propaganda. And the unthinking, poorly educated citizen is bound to be such a victim.

"Don't you see the implications, sir? If you wish to debate a question, you find arrayed against you, not arguments, but highly organized propaganda. What can you do? Either you must

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'beat the game' or withdraw from the field. A mighty useful thing your vote is then — in either case!

"And what is a still worse implication, sir, if you try to 'beat the game'? Obviously, argument is of no avail; your propaganda, your abominable circulars, must reach people's hearts — stampede 'em! Think of the votes you may render as useless as your own! It's appalling, sir. Most of our so-called thinking on national subjects amounts to emotional rubbish. The chairman of the Democratic National Committee is reported as saying, forsooth, that the cure for such things as the Teapot Dome scandal is 'the substitution of clean, honest, and efficient government for corrupt, dishonest, and inefficient government.' Buzz, buzz, buzz! A good many people will swallow that bait. It no longer seems to occur to them that such clean, honest, and efficient government is not any more likely under one party than under another; that it can't be accomplished in so vast and centralized a scheme. No, sir, the corruption in public life no longer rests upon the shoulders of the citizens. Give them local problems which they can understand and then hold them responsible; but don't blame them for what goes on in Washington.

"Consider Rome, sir. Of what moment is it now that certain beneficent laws were passed in ancient Rome compared to the fact that Roman republicanism gradually broke down into imperialism and thence into chaos and ruin? Now, sir, I am very much mistaken if we are not running the same course, with our eyes tight shut and silly catch-words on our lips. If we don't want any particular man for Caesar, we want a gang; and as soon as one gang fails, we are ready to toss our caps in the air for the other gang and cry, 'Let them be Caesar!' No, sir, we don't want to govern ourselves; we want to be bossed, — and that way lies either imperialism or socialism."

I confess I felt just a bit crumpled when Exacticus got off my chest and let me go. It is not comfortable to be a prostrate audience of one for a speech that is portioned to an auditorium. Also, Exacticus seemed rather doctrinaire and more than rather positive; taking account of human nature in one instance, he was incapable of allowing for it in several others. In matters of government, moreover, I have always inclined to hold with the Chinese gentleman who, when asked what he got in return for

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his taxes, replied promptly, "I get left alone." Exacticus was champion of a difference rather than of a simplification. Still, as I walked slowly home and gradually developed the sense of perspective which mysteriously accompanies pedestrianism, I began to feel, after I had got over the reservations due my self-respect, that there was a good deal of truth in what Exacticus had said. I was slightly aggrieved, to be sure, because he mistook me for one of those defenders of the Eighteenth Amendment on the ground that prohibition was in itself a good thing. Had I not, in the March FORUM, been at pains to labor his very point, that the great mistake was our revolutionary admission of the principle of Federal prohibitions? For that, after all, is the real issue. It really makes very little difference, in the long view, whether this or that evil is immediately abated compared to the important question of whither American government is tending. And it does look, indeed, as if the American people are either unwilling to face the issue or incapable of doing so. Incapable perhaps because their eyes are shut? and because silly catch-words are on their lips?

Well, well, my conclusions afoot weren't very different, after all, from those of Exacticus on his war-horse. Cogitating thus, I began to feel, as I approached my house, that, in spite of his execrable rodomontade, I ought to tell him so. When I turned to switch off the lights in the hall, my eye happened to catch the headline of a paper lying on the table: URGES BIENNIAL SESSIONS. "It was about time," the paper reported the President of the Massachusetts Senate as saying, that "the State got away from the small minority of States and swung over to biennial sessions." To be sure, thought I; why not triennial sessions if the Government at Washington is going to run our business for us? With a little practice we might get on with centennial sessions.

I snatched up the phone and by luck found Exacticus still at the club. "I just wanted to say," I began, "that I think on the whole you're right about the dangers of Federal control, but" —

"Right!" he thundered back. "Of course I'm right!" — and hung up his receiver.

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The Little French Girl

A Novel in Nine Installments — VI

ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

ON returning to France with Giles Bradley after her first sojourn in England, Alix de Mouveray has begun to sense the ambiguity that surrounds the life of her mother, the fascinating Madame Vervier. Her love for France, coupled with an intensely affectionate desire to shield her mother against her own weakness, has made Alix determine never to return to England, despite the insistence of her kind new friends. Giles, aware of his brother's secret relations with Madame Vervier in the months preceding his death at the front, has talked frankly with her. He, on moral grounds, and Madame Vervier, out of worldly considerations, are both convinced that Alix's future happiness depends upon her being in an environment less equivocal than that of Madame Vervier and her friends, — one of whom is André de Valenbois, Owen's successor.

Without consulting Alix, Madame Vervier sadly decides to send her back to the Bradleys. Deeply hurt, but too proud to protest, Alix acquiesces.

Giles, on returning to England, has a painful talk with Toppie, the unsuspecting fiancée of his dead brother, in which Toppie jumps to some false conclusions. Giles, unable to explain without being both brutal to Toppie and disloyal to Alix, is obliged to maintain a torturing silence and endure Toppie's disapproval. This is the situation at the time of Alix's arrival for the second time in England.

PART THREE

CHAPTER I

GILES was waiting for her on the Victoria platform, and his patient gaze and poise told her that her train was late, — but fatigue did not account for what Alix saw at once as she stood at the door of her carriage and found his face. Her dear Giles. Her good Giles. What had happened to him?

Alix was aware that a great deal had happened to herself since she had last seen Giles, only two months ago. It was not only her lengthened skirts and her turned in locks that gave her her new sense of maturity. Perhaps one only began really to be grown up when one began to know why one was unhappy. A child suffers in ignorance of the cause of its suffering, and it can forget more easily because of that merciful vagueness. But grown up unhappiness was four solid walls of fact enclosing one.

Groping round and round her prison and finding always that solid facts were there resisting all attempts at forgetfulness, Alix, though she still could not see just what they were, sometimes asked herself if that was because she was still too young to understand, or because Maman, so deftly, so tenderly, with as much compassion as compunction, passed a bandage round her eyes. She could not tell; but she knew that another mark of her own maturity was her understanding of Maman, her new capacity for helping her; and more than in any other way she helped her by never lifting a hand to push away the bandage and by never asking a question that Maman might find it difficult to answer.

She had known intuitively, in the past, that some questions must not be asked: questions about her father; about Monsieur Vervier; about divorce. But now there were more pressing questions, and the first and foremost of them was the question of André de Valenbois.

He was there; in their lives. She had

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him behind her in Paris; no longer ·ir guest, but as much as at Les Char- ınerets the presiding presence. He was reat friend. So Maman had said to her, angely pale, on the painful night when · had learned that they had arranged hout consulting her, that she should urn to England. Maman had great ·nds. And great friends made one suffer,

Maman had not said that, but Alix d seen it, — and many things in life st be sacrificed to them. It was not that ·y were more loved than a child, — oh, · was sure not! though that was a ques- n that had pierced her through, — it s simply that one could not be sure of ·ping them always, as one was sure of ·ping one's child.

So Alix knew herself changed; a grave, ditative person, garnering in her silence d her submissiveness a power to meet the emergencies that must lie in her th since, so obviously, they lay in aman's.

"Hello, Alix," said Giles. His eyes had ınd her and he was there below her, ·ing from her the basket she had lifted the seat; and she said, "Hello, Giles," ɔugh it seemed to her always such an d phrase to meet upon.

"Is this the kitten?" said Giles.

"Yes. This is Blaise. You expected him? vrote to Mrs. Bradley."

"Expected him! Rather! They're want- r to see him almost as much as to see u."

"That is well, then," Alix smiled.

"It reassures me to see you still so fond kittens, — it makes me feel you are ll something of one yourself. Is he ·tty?"

"He is ugly," said Alix. It is *l'âge ingrat*, u know, — no longer kitten, and yet t cat. Like me. *Calmes-toi, mon chéri*," e addressed the kitten who was wailing. t is only the basket that troubles him. ıad him out for most of the day, in my ms, and he was quiet and good. You ven't been ill, Giles?"

"Ill! Rather not!" said Giles, and he ded, hastily she felt, "But I say, you're ·ite different. What is it? Your clothes? ɔur hair?"

"Maman thought I was getting too old r short hair. It is taken back from my rehead, too. It makes me very *digne*, I sure you."

Alix wore a dark blue dress and a dark blue cape, buttoned with little buttons on her breast and showing a satin lining of striped gray and blue. Her shoes and stockings were gray, and her loose, long gloves, and her soft little hat curving down over her brows. Maman had made her, though so sober, very *chick*, and Giles was taking it all in, — as far as he could.

"It's that you look so tremendously foreign, — the way you walk; the way your things are put on; the way your hat comes down like that. Even the way you speak English is as French as possible, and I'd never noticed that before."

"When you first met me," said Alix, putting the obvious explanation with mild competence before him, "what chiefly engaged your attention was that I spoke English at all. Now you notice that though I speak it so well I speak with my French accent. I am French, Giles," she slightly smiled round at him for she need not emphasize it. "I am a foreigner."

"I suppose you are," said Giles, and it was gravely, almost gloomily that he said so.

They were again to spend the night with Aunt Bella in Chelsea, and in the taxi Alix opened the basket and displayed her pet. Very ugly indeed: gaunt in structure though fully fed, of a most undistinguished white and brindle, with a nose already over long and ears over large; but as it nestled into Alix's neck with loud choking purrs Giles owned that it was a nice little beast.

London, dusty and drowsy on this autumn evening, seemed to yawn and smile and had, Alix thought, a welcoming air. It was a kind city. She even saw beauty in it. She had never liked London so much, although she came to it with an unwillingness so much greater than the unwillingness of last year, and it seemed to her, leaning back in the taxi beside Giles, her kitten against her cheek, that the dropped aitches, the little green-grocers' shops, the strolling lovers, and the river gliding silvery-gray behind its trees, all went together in the impression of ease and kindliness.

In Aunt Bella's flat all the windows were widely opened to the freshness and Aunt Bella received not only her, but Blaise, quite as a matter of course. This matter of courseness, Alix had begun to

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feel, was a distinctive English trait. Once they knew you, they accepted you: you and your kittens. They had no surmises about you. You were simply there. There was peace in being among people who had nothing to hide and who would hardly be able to imagine that you might have.

Chapter II

If Toppie, too, was changed, she was not changed to her. That was the first thing that Alix felt when she saw her again, next day, — for a note had been waiting for her at Heathside asking her to come to the Rectory.

It was a hot, still day, and a bee was droning lazily about the Rectory drawing-room, flying out into the sunlight and in again to the bowl of mignonette that stood on a table near the window; and the bee made the day more still. Its soft drone accompanied her sense of a pause, of an ominous interlude. Then Toppie entered, like a creature delicate and austere, dimly conscious of an impending doom. There was fear in Toppie's face. Alix saw its white gleam, mastered, resolutely veiled, and there was a new note of emotion in Toppie's voice as she said, taking her in her arms and kissing her, "Dear, dear child."

Toppie was changed; but it could not be because of her. It was her father's illness; but all the same, involuntarily, Alix found herself saying, "Are you glad to have me back?" And she heard that her voice trembled in speaking.

Whatever the fear had been, Toppie had mastered it. She held her by the shoulders and looked at her, smiling, and said, "So glad, dear little Alix, that I feel we ought to keep you always."

It was strange to feel herself, all reassured as she was, wanting dreadfully to cry; but Alix, too, was an adept at mastering emotion.

They had sat down on the sofa side by side, Toppie still holding her hand, and then she said, "Toppie, I had not realized that your father was so ill."

Toppie looked at her in silence for a moment, and, slowly, her eyes filled with tears. "He is going to leave me, Alix," she said.

It was her father then. Alix could not but feel the deep, selfish relief. "Oh, you must hope," she said.

"I do try to hope," said Toppie. "I is not much changed," she went on, f Alix found nothing to say. "I will take y up to him presently. Perhaps you w come sometimes and read to him French. He likes that, you know."

"You must let me come often. It curious, Toppie, but when Giles is aw my English life is really here with you; n that I am not very fond of them all Heathside."

"I am glad that I can mean home you, — dear little Alix, — but you a fond of them."

"Especially of Mrs. Bradley. Only s is there so little. I am fond of Ruth a Rosemary, too. But I would rather be wi you," Alix smiled a little.

"And it will be Rosemary only th winter, since Ruth is going to Oxfor Giles will like having her near him," To pie spoke calmly the name of Giles.

"Do you think so?" said Alix. "Do y think she means much to Giles?"

"He is devoted to all his family. It w certainly be a pleasure to him to ha her," said Toppie, and Alix now thoug she detected in her voice a strange detac ment.

"He is so unlike his sisters; and most all unlike Ruth. Ruth is so stupid besi Giles."

"She is a very good girl; very courag ous and honest," said Toppie. "I thi I see Ruth's good points more than I us to. I think, Alix, the older one grows, t more one cares for those sterling qualitic Black would always be black to Ruth, a white, white. That has value, the highe value, in a person's character, you know

Something in Toppie's tone now dim offended Alix. "But you could not reall compare Ruth and Giles, Toppie. Giles all that she is and so much more beside He sees the grays and all the delicate i between shades, too. Nothing is reall black or white, and that is what is stupid in Ruth; she sees things so."

"It sometimes seems to me that th are nothing else," said Toppie very calml "And Ruth has, I think, because of th downrightness in her, more strength character than Giles. He would so mu more easily be mistaken, — misled. I has what would be called the artistic ter perament, I suppose; and that is the pe alty one pays for having it: a certain wea

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ıess, a certain yielding. I feel that Giles vould yield where Ruth would stand up ike granite, — and I like the granite hing in people."

Alix sat in indignant astonishment. "I ıave never known anyone so true as Giles," she said slowly.

"I did not say that he was not true," Toppie returned, with a touch of severity. 'I said that he would be more easily misled than Ruth."

They sat for a few strange moments ilent.

"But it is as if you were changed to Giles," Alix cried suddenly. "What has he done to displease you? You are unkind to ıim. You speak as if you did not care for ıim!"

A deep blush rose in Toppie's face; but t was not the blush of surprise or confusion. Alix saw a competent sternness in the eyes bent upon her. "You must not say things like that," Toppie said slowly, considering every word. "There are things you do not understand. I have not changed to Giles."

Alix felt that she wished to fling Toppie's hand aside. In answer to her sternness she had felt an instant anger rise within her. That Toppie should reprove, rebuff her, was itself an affront she bore with difficulty, — and bore only because she feared to damage Giles' cause by rejoinder; but her anger passed the personal wrong by and fastened itself strangely, inevitably, on the figure of Captain Owen.

It was Toppie herself, in the picture she had drawn of Giles, who had set him so vividly before her. Captain Owen, not Giles, was the person who would blur black into gray; Captain Owen was the person who, in comparison with honest Ruth, lacked something. Giles was everything that his brother had not been, and yet it was Captain Owen who had betrayed Toppie, — she found the word and it sank with a cold weight on her heart. It was Captain Owen, now, she felt sure of it, who parted Giles and Toppie. She sat, her eyes fixed proudly before her, her lips hard.

"Alix," Toppie said in a gentle voice, "if so much has changed in my life, — you mustn't change."

"It feels to me as if it were you who were changed, Toppie."

"You must forgive me then," said Toppie with her firm gentleness. "I am not quite myself, perhaps."

After that they tried to talk as if nothing had happened. Toppie's manner had an atoning sweetness. Once or twice, in the way she spoke, in the way she looked at her, it was as if one of Toppie's doves had spread its brooding wings over her. She knew that she had not forgiven Toppie; and yet she was the fonder of her because she had not forgiven her.

She was taken up to see Mr. Westmacott who sat at an open window, a reading-table before him. His voice had become dry and brittle, like a glacial wind fluttering the leaves of an old volume that no one would ever read again. He would soon die; Alix felt sure of that as she heard him, — and Toppie would leave the Rectory and wander forth desolate, among her doves. Why, oh why, would she not see and understand Giles? Why would she not marry him? "If I could only help Giles so that he should marry her," she thought, when she had said goodbye to Toppie and was out again upon the Common, "it would have been worth while that I should have come to England!" And that there was some misunderstanding between Giles and Toppie she was now sure.

She had gone half way across the dried heather, when, as on the evening of her first visit to the Rectory, she saw Giles approaching, Jock at his heels, and she knew now, as she had then only felt instinctively, that he had been waiting for her and that he was afraid of something. Of the same thing, — yet of more.

"Well, how did you find Toppie?" he asked simply. Giles not true! Giles easily misled! Alix felt herself blushing with anger as the thought of Toppie's strange delusion returned to her. Giles had drawn her arm within his, and they went across the Common towards the birch wood. It gave her a deep feeling of consolation that he should thus seek refuge with the one person who could understand him.

"I find her changed, Giles. Though not to me. If Toppie were happier she would not be so hard."

"Hard?" She was looking at the ground, but she heard in Giles' voice how the word startled him.

They had entered the birch wood, and their footsteps rustled in the fallen leaves. "She is too sure of what she loves and

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believes in," Alix went on. "And the things she loves and believes in are not the things she sees. Perhaps that makes us hard, — to the things we have with us."

Giles was, she knew, keeping his eyes on her, and as he meditated for a little pause, her thoughts, in the silence, took a long flight to France and she found herself suddenly wondering if perhaps Maman and André de Valenbois were wandering under the autumnal leaves in the Bois, — as Giles had seen Maman and Captain Owen wander under the spring trees. And with the thought came such a pang of fear and grief.

"What can we do about it, Alix?" said Giles gently, a little as if he spoke to a child from whose ingenuous wisdom he sought an oracle.

Suddenly it was very easy, there in the twilit woods, to be courageous. She was so near Giles. It was as if her heart beat in his side. "No one can do anything for her but you, Giles. You must marry her and make her happy."

"Oh, my dear little Alix," Giles said, smiling bitterly, not even pausing to assess her daring, "There's no hope for me. No one can help her less than I."

"Do you mean there never was hope, — or is none now?"

"There never was, perhaps, — but there's less now. Her heart is full of Owen."

"Is it because of him that there's less hope, even, now?"

"Put it like that if you choose," said Giles. "Yes. Because of him."

Chapter III

The old life flowed round her again, outwardly the same, inwardly so altered. The wine of new perceptions, new emotions, had tinged her, and because she was enriched she saw a richer world about her. English history, from being a mere flat picture, began to take on depth and distance in her eyes. It was English history she saw now when she went up to Oxford with Giles and Ruth, and English history was English character; whereas event played so much more potent a part in French history.

She began to wish for wisdom. Back at Heathside she bicycled to the High School every morning with Rosemary, past the red brick villas of the town, and all the ugliness that had so fretted her fell into an insignificant background, since, for the first time, the day had its object. Knowledge, of course, was quite different from wisdom. The happy life depended on eyes to see the hands that blessed and the smile on the face of time; but it was knowledge that opened one's eyes, and she found in its acquisition a zest and an enfranchisement. It was in order that she might see that smile in France that she worked so hard.

"And what do you girls intend to do with yourselves?" Mrs. Bradley asked them one day at the fire-lit tea-table. "Alix is doing so well that she can really begin to think of choosing a career." Even dear Mrs. Bradley took it for granted that she might be quite satisfied to make a career out of her own country.

"I hope I shall marry when I go back to Maman," said Alix.

"Now isn't she altogether too priceless, Mummy!" cried Rosemary. "One would have thought that with all the time you've been in England, Alix, you'd have got over those French ideas about marriage. I suppose you'll actually say that you'd let your mother choose a husband for you."

"But who would choose one so well?" said Alix. Yet it was not true that she still believed this of Maman. England had already changed her so much. But she did not intend that Rosemary should guess her changed in any way.

She went to the Rectory twice a week and read aloud in French to Mr. Westmacott and Toppie. Toppie sat, her fair head bent over her knitting. She was knitting endless little vests for the poor babies of one of Mrs. Bradley's charities. The vests were a strange accompaniment to Saint-Simon's Memoirs. She found the volumes on Giles' shelves and asked Toppie if they would do. She had so often heard André de Valenbois and Monsieur de Maubert and Maman quote Saint-Simon. Neither Toppie nor her father had read him and were quite contented with her choice. Mr. Westmacott's chief preoccupation was to follow the relationships of the characters and to place them correctly against the background of contemporaneous history, and for this purpose there were many interruptions while Toppie went to fetch the encyclopedia.

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Alix saw that Toppie sometimes listened ·ith a vague distress. Saint-Simon and the eople he wrote of were as alien to her nderstanding and sympathies as the hinese, — more so, for to the Chinese ne could send missionaires. To Alix, for ll the travesty of their tails and crests, ıey were clearly recognizable types. She ıw the court of Louis Quatorze as a great olden aviary where splendid creatures, lumed, absurd, and beautiful, paced and reened and surreptitiously pecked at each ther beneath the proud gaze of the monırous bird of paradise on the throne. here was something sinister about them, ut something familiar and lovable, too. They are all odious people, Alix," said oppie one day. "Odious, vindictive, vular, and wicked."

"Oh, but not all, Toppie. Some are very ood, like Fénelon, — and some are harming, like the Duchesse de Bourgogne. he was too fond of pleasure, perhaps; but he is so merry and amusing that one can orgive her that."

"Very much too fond, I am afraid. I do ot like her, Alix."

When Giles came home for the holidays, oppie and her father had gone again to ournemouth. "She might have waited a eek longer, so that I could see her," said iles sadly.

It was still taken happily for granted hat Alix should sit with Giles in the mornıgs. There were fires everywhere this inter, but she was more than ever glad f the refuge. Ruth had become a rather verwhelming presence. She had returned ith what Alix felt to be many a foolish ourish added to her sensible signature. he addressed Alix as "dear old ass," and er favorite exclamation was "God!"

"It is so unlike *mon Dieu*," Alix could ot forbear writing to Maman. "It is as if ne saw a hen suddenly lay an ostrich egg, - and so proud of it. I think when English eople like Ruth become emancipated, hey are very like hens laying ostrich eggs. here is such a strain; and, when it is all ver, it is not an interesting object."

If she took refuge with Giles, it was urious and touching to Alix to note that efore Ruth's assaults Mrs. Bradley more nd more took refuge with her. When Ruth ith a shout of laughter crowed "Victoian!" at her mother, Alix begged to be xplained in what the inferiority of this term consisted. "For in Maman's salon," she observed, "clever people, — I mean the ones your clever people quarrel over in the reviews as to who should claim to have first read them, — admire even George Eliot and Ruskin, I assure you. Admire them greatly."

"Help! Help!" shrieked Ruth. She knew nothing of the clever people in Maman's salon. She had not advanced to the recognition of clevernesses beyond her reach; she had advanced only as far as scorn for unfashionable tastes, and in herself, as Alix perceived, she had none of the stuff from which new valuations are made.

"And you know," Mrs. Bradley, for the sake of historical accuracy put forward, — evading by the mere force of her impersonality any altercation, — "it wasn't really so long ago when I was young, Ruth. I was reading my Dostoevski in French and my Hardy in English when I was your age, and I don't seem to see that you young people have got beyond them."

"Oh, Mummy darling, it's not a question of what you read or don't read," cried Ruth, affectionately ruffling her mother's head, "It's the color of your mind! It's the pattern of your complexes."

"There's some truth in that, you know," Mrs. Bradley observed to Alix when, after this sally, Ruth seized her hockey stick and strode away. Mrs. Bradley always saw whatever of truth there was to be seen in other people's positions. She felt no impatience or grievance against her merciless daughter. She had not time for such reactions. Her own work occupied all her time.

"She is like a modern kind of saint," said Alix of Mrs. Bradley when she was alone with Giles in the study. "So selfless and dedicated and laborious. She never thinks about being happy."

"You make her happy, Alix. Yet Mummy never seems to me sad. Does she to you?"

"I do not know," Alix reflected. "She did not begin so quiet, I am sure. At the bottom of her heart she wanted to be loved more."

"But I say, you know!" Giles stared at her from his chair. "You do say the most astonishing things! Don't we all love her? Why even you don't love your mother more than I do mine."

"I think I do, Giles. I think we are more

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a part of our mothers in France. You stand more alone in England, in everything."

Giles in his disturbance of mind had got up and was looking out of the window. "And what about my father, then? What about his love for her? He was devoted to her."

Alix felt a little shy of sharing with Giles her deepest intuition about Mrs. Bradley's selflessness. "I'm afraid not enough, Giles. Did he really see her as you see her? I am afraid he was not a part of herself, and that is what one expects in England, and that is why she must have been sad."

And though she still kept her French skepticism about marriage, the half unconscious climax of a long process of change within Alix was reached when she added in her own thought, "How sad to be married to some one who is not part of yourself."

Chapter IV

It was in the last fortnight of the holidays that a letter, once more, came from Lady Mary asking Alix, as if only a few weeks had elapsed since the last time of asking, if she could not now come and stay with them at Cresswell Abbey. The letter was again addressed to Mrs. Bradley, and again arrived at breakfast-time so that she read it aloud to the assembled family.

"You'll have to go this time, Alix," said Giles with an air of fatherly authority.

"Alix will be bored stiff among all those swells," cried Rosemary. "Do refuse, Alix."

"But I do not think they will bore me," said Alix. "I should like to go."

It was arranged that Giles was to motor her to Hampshire. The cross-country journey was too difficult by train, and while the map was brought and spread out over the jam-pots and butter dishes and they all made suggestions as to the best route, Alix had time to wonder why, despite her assertion, her old eagerness about Cresswell Abbey and Lady Mary was much faded. Was it that she had grown fonder of Heathside? Yes, undoubtedly; but that was not the reason. With a new, unwonted shyness, she shrank from the thought of the environment that had, in Lady Mary herself, so reminded her of Maman. Maman would want her to go. She would want it more than Giles did; and did he not want it because he kne that it would be Maman's desire for he It was almost to suspect them of plannin it for her. Did he, — with Maman to hel him, — believe that it would lead to a English marriage for her? The blood ros faintly in her cheeks as she sat ther silent.

But her disquiet was even deeper. Sh had no longer her old sense of security. I was Giles' presence that lent her wha security she had, and he would not be a Cresswell Abbey.

She was very silent on the morning the set out for their long drive. It was nearl midday, yet the hoar frost still made th woods thick and white against the sky and the twigs were like antlers in thei mossy branching outlines. When the passed into the open country the buffs an cinnamons and mole-colors of the field and uplands were all powdered to paleness The loveliness of the day was like a prom ise, but Alix felt it like a farewell.

"You'll be back in the fortnight at mos you know," said Giles. He saw that sh was sad and said it to reassure her.

"But of course I shall not stay for fortnight, Giles," she said.

"Lady Mary didn't fix any time; but do hope you'll stay for as long as she ask you," Giles returned. She made no reply That, of course, was what Maman woul wish him to say to her.

It was already four o'clock when the entered the lodge gates of Cresswell Ab bey. The road through the park woun upwards and one saw the ample, happ house with the dropping sun yellowing it windows as it looked out over a Souther aspect. Built of pale gray stone and thickl lichened with rosettes of gold, it belonge to an England almost intimate still in it associations. A Gainsborough lady, whe it was but newly built, might have com strolling out on the terrace the white fu of her little silk jacket turned up about he ears, — Alix saw her on such a day as this and a white dog, half Spitz, half Pomer anian trotting by her side. There was noth ing of the splendor or romance of antiquity about it and Alix, as she saw it, a vision of haughty Montarel hovering at the back of her mind, was a little disappointed. Bu it was impossible to think of English peo ple living at Montarel. How different thi kind-eyed butler from Albertine in he

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avates: how different the fire-lit hall, lled with the scent of pot-pourri and urning logs, from the gaunt cobwebby paces of Montarel.

A wide staircase turned to an upper anding from the hall, and on the turn, vith an ascending row of Chinese paint-ngs behind him, a young man in hunting iress was standing, looking down at them, s they were ushered in, with soft, bright, nterested eyes. A group of people, half hut in by a high Chinese screen of red and old, sat round the fire and from an open loor came the sound of a piano playing reckless jazz tune. Alix felt her sadness lispelled by a sweet stealing sense of ex-itement.

And now Lady Mary was again before ier, looking older than Alix had remem-bered her, — and that was perhaps be-ause another woman, radiantly young, at knitting by the fire, — but showing he remembered bright softness, and she vas drawing them both forward and say-ng to Giles, "Oh, but of course you must tay. Oh, not only to tea; for the night. t's so far, it's so cold, it's so late. Indeed ,ou must. Jerry will lend you every-hing."

Jerry came down the stairs. He had :uburn hair and auburn eyes and thick ıpturned auburn lashes. He was of course ı ady Mary's son, and Alix was aware that during this little interval it had been at ierself that he had been looking. She saw ierself standing there as he must see her. The soft little gray traveling hat came down over her eyebrows; the big, soft col-ar of her coat went up about her ears; there was not much of her face to be seen; ɔut, for perhaps the first time in her young life, she knew, — and the knowledge, mingling with the warm scent of the pot-pourri, the lurching, imbecile gaiety of the music, deepened her sense of excitement, – that she held herself beautifully, and that as far as clothes were concerned she had no cause for disquiet. "I am dark and she is fair," this was the thought that passed through her mind as she felt her-self observed not only by Jerry but also by the radiant lady at the fireside, "but I am even younger than she is, and, I imagine, more unusual."

"Yes, *do* stay," said Jerry, looking now at Giles and smiling as if he were specially glad to see him.

Poor dear Giles! How gaunt and shabby and shy he looked among them all rather, thought Alix, like a rook softly entreated by a flock of doves. They cooed about him: Lady Mary with her soft dark eyes, and Jerry, and a kind elderly gentleman who had advanced from the hearth, "The Times" held behind him, and who, ap-parently, was Lady Mary's husband and plain Mr. Hamble.

"You *will*. That's splendid," said Jerry, though Giles had not said a word. "Let's have tea at once, Mummy."

Lady Mary, taking Alix by the hand, as though she might feel, as a foreigner, strange in a strange country, led her up-stairs to a bright sweet room where rose-clotted chintzes were drawn back from the bed and windows and flowers stood on the tables.

"Debenham will get you everything you want," said Lady Mary, introducing the elderly maid who entered with hot water. "You can find your way down? We're having tea in the drawing-room, just out of the hall. And then you must have a lit-tle rest. Some young people are coming over after dinner to dance."

When she was left alone and had taken off her hat, Alix stood before the glass and looked at herself attentively. She looked well after the long drive. It had not been really cold, though her lips were pale. She bit them to make the color come and won-dered, bending closer, whether she should powder her face. She had never yet used the little box of powder, *teinte Rachel*, in her dressing-case, though Maman had told her that she might do so if she thought it advisable. The radiant lady used liquid powder; Alix had seen that at once, and her lips were reddened artificially. Alix decided that she would leave herself alone. "It goes better with my hair: one color all over like that, — and the right color," she reflected.

They were all in the drawing-room where tea was being laid, Jerry and Lady Mary and Mr. Hamble, and two young girls and a young man and an old-young man, who had evidently been dancing and who wished to seem much younger than he was, — "I will avoid dancing with him," thought Alix. "He is too stout and he brushes his hair up over his head from behind so that it shall not be seen how bald he is," — and the radiant lady was

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talking to Giles. Giles stood with her before the fire and looked dreadfully cross, and that was because he did not like her. But other people liked her, — a great deal. And she did not like Giles, either, though she was pretending to carry on the kindest of conversations with a dull young man, and when Jerry came up to Alix herself, the golden-haired lady, smiling more sweetly than ever upon Giles, saw everything that passed between them and was not pleased. She did not care a rap about Giles. What she cared about was Jerry.

It was characteristic of Alix that the more she saw and felt, the more silent and aloof did she become. It might have been a fundamental racial caution: the instinct for being sure, first, where you were, and second, of where you wished to be seen as being, before you made a movement; and as she felt the pressure of all these strange new realizations — strangest of all about herself — she knew that she possessed reserves of courteous convention more than adequate for any contingencies that might arise at Cresswell Abbey. Quietly smiling at Jerry, she took the place Lady Mary indicated beside her on the sofa and saw that the golden-haired lady still watched her while pretending not to.

"From Jack," said this radiant lady, looking up from a letter which had just been brought in.

"What news of Jack?" asked Mr. Hamble. The golden-haired lady was married to his nephew and her name was Marigold. Jack, it seemed, was rather enjoying his job at Singapore. He wrote a long letter and Mrs. Hamble's marvelous blue eyes became very wistful while she read, but Alix felt sure that if she had been reading alone in her own room they would not have looked like that; hard and indifferent rather.

"My dear, don't be so silly," said one of the young girls to the young man who was short and robust with a tanned jolly face. He was a sailor and Alix liked his face and felt that with him she would like to dance. They all knew each other very well and laughed and talked and she felt they saw her as a very young school-girl, for Jerry was now talking to Giles about Oxford and no one paid any attention to her until Lady Mary began to ask her about Normandy and then about Beauvais and so on to Chartres, on which the bald man, whose name was Mr. Fulham and who wrote books, as if observing her for the first time, asked her if she knew his friends the Marquis and Marquise de Tréville in Paris, and when she said she did not, turned to the pretty girl beside him.

After tea she found herself alone for a little while with Giles. She felt as if they met after long separation, so completely had the morning's sadness dissolved in the pervading sense of excitement.

"I like it here very much, don't you?" she said.

"It's a jolly place," said Giles. "And they're all so nice. I'm glad you like it."

Giles no longer looked cross, but he looked thoughtful, and his eyes turned on her once or twice in a way that made her wonder, with a vague discomfort, whether he guessed at her excitement.

"I wish you were staying here, too, Giles," she said. But this was not quite true. She would be sorry to see Giles go, even a little frightened; yet if that sense of excitement were to environ her more closely, she would not care to have Giles observing it.

"Oh, but I don't belong here at all," said Giles, stretching up his arms and locking his hands behind his head, while his eyes still studied her. "And you do."

"Philosophy and the Banbury road?" said Alix, rather sadly musing.

"Yes; philosophy, though not necessarily the Banbury Road. And tutoring and being poor. You couldn't combine those with dances and hunting, even if you had the choice, — which I haven't."

"Lady Mary cares for the things you do, Giles. Books and music, and the country. I believe they all care."

"Oh, we'd manage for a week, — and now and then no doubt. He's a nice boy, that Jerry," Giles added, moving his arms now, putting his hands in his pockets and looking with detachment at the foot crossed on his knee.

"He is very nice," said Alix. "The sailor is nice too, and Mr. Hamble. They seem to find that Mr. Fulham very clever, but he has a sly face and eats too much. And is Mrs. Hamble nice, Giles?" thus circuitously Alix approached her

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object. "She is exceedingly pretty. You had a long talk with her."

"Oh no I didn't, "Giles laughed suddenly. "She wasn't talking with me, — only at me; to see what she'd catch as a rebound."

It was always delightful to get back to Giles.

"What was she trying to catch?"

"Oh, just who we were, and why in the dickens you weren't just the quiet little French girl she'd expected."

This was very pleasant to Alix.

Then Lady Mary came back and sat down and talked with them, of France again and of Oxford, and Professor Cockburn, and then Jerry, having changed his hunting clothes for homespun, came and carried Giles off to billiards, but Lady Mary said she would keep Alix with her and, when the two young men were gone, said, "How dear he is, your Giles: such a delightful solid mind," so that Alix flushed with pleasure.

Lady Mary then questioned her about Giles and his family and how she had come to know them, and Alix replying, felt herself move along the surfaces prepared for her by Giles and Maman. She told Lady Mary about Captain Owen and how great a friend he had been and of how he had wished her to know his family. There was nothing else to tell. Lady Mary knew just what Mrs. Bradley knew.

She was glad to rest before dinner, lying in her room on the sofa with the firelight softly glowing on her closed eyelids. Then it was time to dress. Debenham had laid out on the bed the very dress she herself would have chosen: her prettiest dress, of white and crystal; and the sense of elation and excitement mounted in her with thick swift strokes, as of rising wings, when, before the mirror, Debenham fastened it for her. Debenham thought her beautiful.

When she was left alone she stood and looked at herself. Yes; it was true. Beautiful that little head; beautiful the long, splendid throat, the breast and arms so white. In the tilted mirror she looked like a naiad hovering within the thin falling lines of a fountain. Tiny crystal drops fell along her arms and flowed from breast to hem. She moved, and liquid lines of crystal moved with her. Her shoes were of silver and a fillet of twisted silver and crystal bound her dark hair. She seemed to float on a sense of buoyant power. She had never known such happiness.

They all thought her beautiful. She saw that as she came among them. Jerry was there, he was the first she saw, looking at her; and the young sailor looked; and kind Mr. Hamble; Marigold Hamble in pink and diamonds looked, too, very hard.

"The lovely dress! Paris, of course," said Lady Mary, smiling as though she were grateful to her for placing an object so decorative in her drawing-room.

"Paris and Maman," Alix smiled, and the memory of Maman rushed over her almost with a smart of tears. She owed it all to Maman, this transfiguration. She was not really so beautiful, by daylight. It was Maman's magic that enveloped her, and Maman was not here to see her in it. It was cruel that a stranger, Lady Mary, should garner Maman's sheaves.

She saw now that Giles' large eyes were dwelling on her from a distance; but they were not like the other eyes. They kept their look of thoughtfulness. He was not seeing her in the magic. He was only seeing her as herself. From within her fountain of happiness she glimmered a little smile over to him, — for Jerry was beside her saying that he was to take her in to dinner, — and in Giles' answering smile she read something touched and gentle. "But of course you must be happy, dear kid," he seemed to be saying.

The long table in the dining-room was like a lake of bright water all drifted over with floating knots of flowers. Jerry was beside her and he was used to beautiful people. He was like André de Valenbois in that. Like André he had only had, always, to choose what he would have and never to have what he did not choose. And now, she felt it falling around her, cool and refreshing as the sense of crystal drops, it was herself he chose rather than Mrs. Hamble. He talked and talked, trying to find out about all the things that interested him: her tastes, her prejudices, the color of her personality. He talked happily, eagerly, with something of the ardor of a little boy playing at gardening, — a little boy who gathers up armfuls of flowers and thistles, the lovely and

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the commonplace together, and brings them for admiration: "Beautiful, isn't it?" was what he said continually.

He was younger than André; much younger. She was dimly glad of that, for something in the likeness she had felt disquieted her. She liked him better than André, though he had not André's fine discrimination. He had an air, Alix saw, of caring, immensely, that you should sympathize with him about the latest painter, the latest poet, the latest composer. He did not really care whether you sympathized or not; but if you didn't, you were negligible for his purposes. She saw that he had already found Giles negligible; and she wondered why he did not put her into the same category. But perhaps it was because Jerry found her beautiful that he was indifferent to her indifference.

After dinner they danced. Many young people arrived, and the tall red Chinese screens in the hall were put back. She and Jerry found that their steps went beautifully together. She danced with him many times; and with other young men; and Jerry helped her to evade Mr. Fulham who, seeing how many partners she had, wished to be one of them. But with Jerry it was best of all, and how much more important it was to have steps that chimed than to care about the same books and pictures! It seemed tonight, among the flowers, and lights, and music, the most important of all things; though once or twice when she found Giles' eyes again she knew that the sense of ecstasy on which she floated must have the evanescence of a mirage. Dear Giles. She made him dance with her, and they laughed together as they went slowly round the hall, for Giles did not dance well. Afterwards she saw that he talked with Lady Mary and with Mr. Hamble. He did not go on into the mirage. He only looked on at it.

When Alix fell asleep that night she dreamed that a cool crystal stream flowed round her, and that she floated on its silver surfaces. Golden lights lay like a chain of little suns along its margin, and her hands, softly moving in the current, felt rosy petals pass between their fingers. The throb of dance-music, sweet, reckless, imbecile, beat in her blood, and in her ears the sound of Jerry's voice saying "Beautiful, isn't it!" And Giles' eyes were there watching her. In her dream she wanted to tell Giles that she had nothing to conceal. She tried to tell him, but she felt the silver stream flowing over her lips and making them dumb, — though they smiled. If Giles looked at her like that she might begin to blush. But even so, she did not want him gone. While he was there she was so safe.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Who Rules the Country?

Among the letters arriving too late for inclusion in THE FORUM'S *symposium on the debated question, "Shall We Curb the Supreme Court," is a communication from a prominent New York lawyer who recently prepared, at the suggestion of the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, a pamphlet explaining the legal effect of the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the national prohibition cases. The following extract is pertinent:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Beyond question the real rulers are the majority of three-quarters of the State Legislatures, because they may amend the United States Constitution in any way they see fit. Having this power, they may completely abolish the Supreme Court. In other words, they constitute a super-legislature having more authority either than Congress or the U. S. Supreme Court.

If your paper is a leader in the moulding of public opinion, you must have become aware of this fact, and for that reason I am at a loss to understand why you ask whether Congress or the Supreme Court is the real ruler of the United States.

I trust you will call this phase of the situation to the attention both of Mr. Ralston and Senator Pepper.

EDWARD A. ALEXANDER.

New York City.

A Layman's View

The continued vitality of the religious controversy is proved by the large proportion of articles and letters on this subject received each week from a wide variety of sources. Below is an army officer's contribution:

Editor of THE FORUM:

To the outside observer it seems that the churches have lost the spirit of Christ and given themselves over to dogma and acrimonious doctrinal controversy. Its detriment to the church and the cause of true religion is manifest, and the consequences to society may prove incalculable. When we think of the simple story of Christ's life, marked as it was by deeds of love and charity; and of his ministrations to the sick and lonely ones, and to those oppressed by the multitudinous cares and adversities of life, how trifling and fruitless appear to the unprejudiced the controversies between the modernist and fundamentalist that now occupy the clergy, dividing the church into two bitter and partisan camps; paralyzing it in the prosecution of its great mission, and alienating men from it in sadness and regret.

Of far more serious import, however, is the fact that the faith and beliefs of thousands are being undermined, to the detriment of the social order, and even of civilization itself. Loss of faith in man and in the verities of religion is primarily responsible for the deplorable conditions of the world today.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Demonstration of the verity of its foundations in all their details is not only impracticable, and unnecessary, but is not of

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fundamental importance. Of transcending consequence, however, is the existence of an abiding religious faith among a people. For it is this that constitutes a people's sheet anchor, inspiring them with hope, restraining them in their evil tendencies, and operating as a stabilizing influence in society. Faith in God and the sense of a moral responsibility to a Supreme Being among a people is indispensable to the social order, and to the preservation and advancement of civilization. This was recognized even by Robespierre, who said: "If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent Him."

Dogma never saved a human soul, nor do doctrinal discussions influence men and women to better lives. It is because of these discussions, and the absence of the spirit of Christ in the churches, that so many pews are empty, and men absent themselves from the sanctuaries.

What mattered it to the repentant thief on the cross, or to Mary Magdalene, whether or not Christ was of Virgin Birth, or immaculately conceived? They were familiar with His wonderful life and works, and believed His divine power was equal to their great human and spiritual needs. And so it proved (if He was indeed the Son of God) for to the thief He said: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." And it was to Mary, whose sins He had forgiven, but whose spiritual needs were still great, that He first appeared after His resurrection.

Dogma and doctrine are but dry husks that give neither spiritual sustenance nor comfort to the hungry and lonely soul; but in the life and precepts of Christ, exemplifying tolerance, love, forgiveness, and comprehending human sympathy, man finds comfort, encouragement, hope, and the inspiration towards better things, — for, after all, was He not divine; but also, as He Himself said, touched with our infirmities, and therefore equal to all our needs?

ALEXANDER SIDNEY LANIER.
Washington, D. C.

The Indians Again

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Witter Bynner's reference to the Indian Bureau and inferential placing upon it of the blame for the spread of trachoma among Indians as expressed in his letter in your May issue is so characteristic of a popular misapprehension that it calls for a word of reply.

The Indian Bureau is only an administrative bureau of the Interior Department working under the laws passed by Congress and limited by appropriations granted to it by Congress. It can do no more than those laws authorize and those appropriations permit.

Agency doctors receive from $1,200 to $1,500 per annum and on account of the smallness of the salaries there is always difficulty in keeping the positions filled. These doctors are constantly treating patients for trachoma. If the disease is spreading among the Indians it is through no dereliction of the Indian Bureau, which is doing the best it can with the means given it by Congress.

The blaming of the Indian Bureau for not doing things it is powerless to do is a favorite sport of the professional agitator, but it is quite apart from the so-called Indian problem as a whole. If the Indian Bureau were abolished today, as some would have it, another Indian Bureau would have to be organized tomorrow. As the Mexic-American says: "*Quien sabe?*"

GEORGE STEELE SEYMOUR.
Chicago, Ill.

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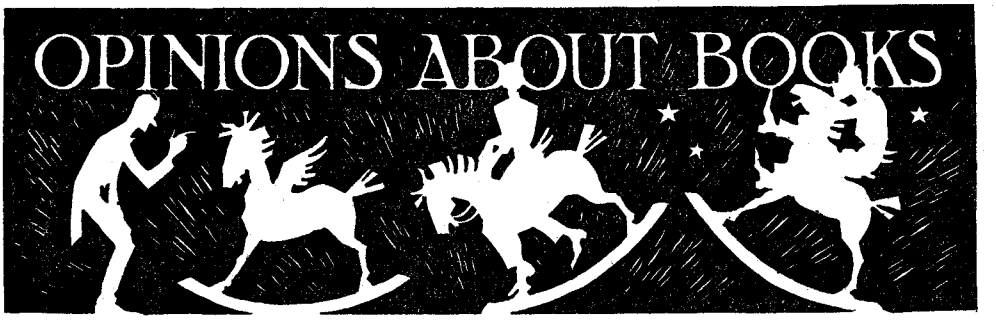

They swayed upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

The reviews in this department are contributed by readers of THE FORUM *and are, with very few exceptions, unsolicited. Payment for all reviews accepted is at the rate of two cents a word. On the manuscript submitted please indicate price of volume discussed, as well as name of author and publisher. The Editors cannot promise to acknowledge or return manuscripts of all the reviews found unavailable for publication. Only manuscripts which are typewritten will be read.*

Two Women of Destiny

LETTERS OF THE TZARITSA TO THE TZAR, 1914–1916 (McBride, $5.00).

THE SAYINGS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, by Frederick Chamberlain (Dodd, Mead, $4.00).

Here are two books which at first sight appear to have nothing in common, yet between which we can find considerable analogy, if we analyse the characters of the two women of destiny who are their heroines. In the one we see a Queen perfectly well able to realise the duties of her high position, while eagerly engaged in the task of upholding all its privileges, rights, and absolutism, — a Queen who even in her worst moments knew how to hold her head high, and all through her life was determined to make her subjects feel her power and might, but who at the same time kept clearly before her the image of her country and of its greatness, together with the desire to work for its good and welfare, even at considerable personal sacrifice.

In the other we see a Princess equally haughty, and equally imbued with the idea of her own importance, but who puts before her country personal ambition, personal wishes, and personal caprices; a woman who while loving her husband ardently and devotedly, yet led him, serene and unconscious of the harm she was doing him, to his doom.

For Queen Elizabeth, England was everything, although perhaps there were hours when she did not love it with the same passionate devotion which appears in the sad letters of the Tzaritsa to the Tzar, — the devotion which makes her exclaim, "O God, save Russia, this is the cry of my soul day and night. Have mercy, O God, on our long-suffering country!" The proud daughter of Henry VIII was too sure of the Lord's protection ever to invoke it in those agonizing terms, but when Philip II sent his Armada to conquer it, she forgot everything else in her care to meet it in such a manner that its destruction would be inevitable. Elizabeth Tudor was a *Kingly* Queen, who never for one instant forgot her Royal dignity, while Alexandra Feodorovna, Empress of Russia, only believed that she possessed the qualities of a statesman, and that her Imperial Crown conferred privileges upon her without imposing any duties.

For the sake of the Empress' memory it is a pity her letters were not destroyed, because had they not existed it might have been possible to ascribe to calumny all

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that has been said about the extraordinary influence which an uncouth and ignorant peasant acquired over her mind, and through her over that of her husband. But for an historian desirous to probe to the bottom the tragedy of the Russian Revolution, they constitute a document of inestimable value. For one thing they establish beyond doubt that the accusation launched against her in St. Petersburg society of having been in sympathy with Germany was absolutely false, and reposed on mere gossip of an ill natured character. But as concerns the influence exercised over her mind by Rasputin, there is no room left for doubt that it was absolute, and that she considered him as a real Prophet of God. It is Rasputin — "Our Friend," as she calls him, — who alone directs her thoughts, and who thus indirectly rules Russia. He it is who tells her that she must urge her husband to assert himself, to show his subjects that he is the master. This desire to transform Nicolas II into a real autocrat is apparent all through this correspondence. "If you would only be severe my Love, it is so necessary . . . at such a time such as we are now living through, people must learn to tremble before you you remember Mr. Philippe and Gregory say the same thing too . . . hearken unto our Friend, believe him, he has your interest and Russia's at heart . . . it is not for nothing God sent Him to us — only we must pay more attention to what He says. . . . " This leit motiv continues through the long correspondence. The Empress would have been an excellent wife for Ivan the Terrible, because Peter the Great whom she was once heard to exclaim she would have liked to have married, would most probably have locked her up in a convent, if not beheaded her, had he seen her try to rule him in the way she ruled the feeble, gentle, incompetent Nicolas II.

Then again Alexandra Feodorovna has at times a morbid desire to estrange her husband from all those who might have told him the truth. All the honest Russians who attempted to open the eyes of their Sovereign as to the perils which threatened him and his dynasty became personal enemies of the Empress. She it was who chose and dismissed ministers and generals; she it was who suggested prison and exile for every person daring to oppose her. "Hang them, hang them all," she says in one of her letters, in regard to the Duma, this hot-bed of revolt, according to her opinion.

Queen Elizabeth also objected to having her actions controlled by Parliament. "You are not called together to make new laws or lose good hours in idle speeches, but to vote a supply to enable me to defend my realm against the hostile attempts of the King of Spain," she tells it in 1592. And again when Cecil informed her that there was no law in England by which the Duke of Norfolk could be executed for intriguing to marry Mary Queen of Scots, "Get out!" she cried in her rage. "What the laws cannot do to his head, my authority will do!" Alexandra Feodorovna, last Russian Empress, very probably thought the same in regard to some of her husband's rebellious subjects but when she said so, she only aroused new hatreds against her; she did not command the respect which Elizabeth never once failed to obtain. Women of destiny indeed they both were, but while one of them added through her reign to the greatness of her country, the other one led it to its absolute and complete destruction and ruin.

C. Radziwill.

New York City.

Anglo-American Relations

Mr. Whelpley's book is most opportune, coming out at this time, when the Allies and the Dawes Commission are making a valiant effort to unravel international tangles and readjust economic relations. (British American Relations, Little Brown, $3.50.) In such an undertaking Great Britain and the United States must inevitably play leading rôles. Without dwelling upon the sentimental reasons why these two nations should stand together in this work, the writer goes directly to the root of the matter and says most emphatically that upon their agreement with regard to certain fundamentals depends "economic stability" among the nations of Europe.

The chapters of this volume include such subjects as "Natural Allies," "International Outlook," "National Types," and others of equal interest; but by far the

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most illuminating treatise is upon "Economic Relations." While frankly admitting that trade rivalries exist between England and the United States, especially for the possession of oil producing territory, Mr. Whelpley says "American commercial interests are in close sympathy with the British interests in a mutual anxiety to see the purchasing power of the world increased."

It is impossible to do justice to this book of over three hundred pages in a short review, each chapter treating, as it does, questions of vital importance. The temptation to quote freely is almost irresistible, when such passages as this occur: "Risking serious criticism, alienation of sympathy in some directions, and even positive disagreement with home and foreign elements, the British Government has proceeded along wide and generous lines in its policy towards the countries of Continental Europe, Allied and ex-enemy alike. It is the policy to which all Governments will have to come in time."

Again in a chapter on "The Dangers of War and Peace," we find ourselves in complete accord with Mr. Whelpley when he concludes his argument by saying "To be reasonable with each other is all that is necessary to keep the British and American peoples in close and sympathetic touch for all future time." Was the author thinking of the "three mile limit," the breaking of seals and other wasp-like irritations on our part — such as would have proved a *casus belli* in an older time, and perhaps in this had they not been met by British statesmen with the "sweet reasonableness" lauded by one of their great poets.

We may well say with Ambassador Harvey "I am glad of this book. Truly what is supremely needed, — and what Mr. Whelpley's vision sees paramount, — is that 'unflagging optimism of those in each generation who are doing what they can to bring the two great English-speaking nations into close and more permanently and widely co-operative relations.'"

ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Potent Trifles

A chance meeting, a late train, a coincidence, an inch gained or lost in a race, — upon how many such trifles have plots of fiction pivoted! And in more recent psychological fiction, on less tangible, but deeper things, — a word spoken or left unsaid; the coming or going away of a friend. In stories we give the trifle its due, see its significance. We read with absorption the details of a child's development, his secret aspirations, his fears, his loneliness; what the understanding of one person, or the blindness of another has done to him; and how these little things, piling up, make him the adult he becomes.

In real life, however, we too often ignore the trifle. We like things on a Big Scale. We have Systems of Education into which we expect all children to fit. Education is a wholesale trade; the pupils are, so to speak, sold to the public in job lots. When some individual reveals a glaring flaw, he is thrown aside. Unless he is lucky, unless some one wonders if his failure to fit into the mold may be due to some alterable forces, either within himself or in his environment, or both.

THREE PROBLEM CHILDREN, Narratives from the Case Records of a Child Guidance Bureau (Publication No. 2 of the Joint Committee of Preventing Delinquency, New York), is a study of three such individuals. At the end of the book the reader sits back rather awed and a little frightened at the fragility and yet the malleability of childhood; at the terrible power of apparent trifles not only over a child who is recognizably sensitive, but over children whose sensitiveness does not show.

It is hard to say which of the three children's stories is most arresting, — Kenneth, on the verge of delinquency; Sidney, exceptionally bright and misbehaving; or Mildred. Possibly Mildred, who, when the Child Guidance Bureau met her, was an overgrown, dull, sullen, apathetic child of twelve, who after years in a church school, and months in public school, could not get beyond the lowest grade, where she was both miserable and ridiculous among children half her size. At the end of a year she is "alert, interested, and keen; seems quite happy and free. She talks spontaneously of her school progress, her doings with the Scouts, her home affairs. She is elated at having reached grade 5A. . . ."

You must read the book to appreciate

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the magic that made this change. The skill and understanding of the social worker and the psychiatrist are not to be called trifles! But the application of this skill reveals itself chiefly in little things, one after another, each so simple in itself, that magic might be said to reside in trifles. Mildred's achievement makes the average success story in a commercial magazine seem insignificant and unimportant.

The cases of the children are presented by Miss Mary B. Sayles, in a simple forthright manner, painstakingly written. Their style is a contrast to the last six pages of the book, a chapter of theoretical discussion, which one wishes were more interpretive of the psychology underlying the treatment of the children. Perhaps, however, Professor Henry C. Morrison who wrote this chapter, felt that the stories interpreted themselves sufficiently.

Not only educators, psychologists, and social workers, but anyone interested in the potentialities of human beings, might read this book with profit. I found myself, as I read it, planning to lend it to several friends of different types: a writer; a scoffer at "all this furor about psychology"; and several parents of bright children in normal, happy homes. For the problems of such children are by no means to be underestimated; and their development might be made inestimably richer by the attention of their parents to many seeming trifles.

VIOLA PARADISE.

New York City.

Hunt and Sargent

It is not without a special significance that what was almost a sensationally successful art exhibition in New York this past Spring was that given over to a retrospective exhibition of portraits and oils and water colors by John Singer Sargent at the Grand Central Art Galleries, New York. And with this superb display of the work of a man who, as all know, has been recognized as an old master in his own life time by the National Gallery at London, which is exhibiting twenty of his canvasses cheek by jowl with the great works of the past, and has been further aureoled and honored in that Sir Joseph Duveen has just given a Sargent gallery to the Tate Collection in London, it is also a most significant thing that Boston has just had a "Centennial Collection" of paintings by William Morris Hunt, 1824–1879, on exhibition, which collection is now touring the country. Moreover, one must not overlook the memorial exhibition held at the Metropolitan given over to the works of Julian Alden Weir, and if the Weir Exhibition, with its silvery toned landscapes and its sympathetic portraits, lacked the bravura and the "dramatics" as it were of the Sargent Exhibition, at the same time it was self-evident that in the presence of the Hunts, the Sargents, and the Weirs, three men through whom American art is put in touch with the great tradition of art of all times, that you were in the presence of something superlatively fine, something, too, that Europe, quite ready to sum up American art in Sargent and Whistler, is now recognizing as a distinct contribution in the way of a national school whose determining exponents are by no means confined to the great quartette just mentioned.

At this time also when the city of Lowell is gaining a new distinction, even in the eyes of the casual motorist, by calling the attention of every one to the Whistler Memorial House, it is encouraging to the seeker who would learn something of the immediate and inspiring backgrounds of American art to find that he can get it in a most delightful way in the BOSTON DAYS OF WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT, by Martha A. S. Shannon, (Marshall Jones) in which is set out the real position of this first of our mural decorators and the painter whose portraits and figure work continued the best and earlier traditions of our own as well as the French School. In a way if he meant little to Whistler, Hunt paved the way for such an amazing individualist as Sargent, who was born just one year after Hunt returned to America in 1855, and his works meant much to Weir, who was just three years old when Hunt, full of enthusiasm over his experiences in France and particularly over his relations with Millet and the Barbizon group, made that kind of stir in Boston that is reflected in the book and arouses the enthusiasm even of the average reader of today to whom Boston of the late Fifties seems a very remote epoch.

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Hunt, it must be remembered, was the rst one to recognize the genius of Millet hen his own countrymen passed him by lmost with derision and denied him an arly recognition. And it was his discrimiating attitude toward art, as well as his wn achievements, that made Hunt's ıfluence one of the best in American art o that the *Boston Days* merely as a matter f record, if not for the charm of the story s told by the authoress, becomes one of he art books of the year. The record of Iunt gains in value, too, if it should be aken into account with the amusing eminiscences of Edward Simmons, pubshed earlier, who as a boy in his early ays lived up to what Edward Everett Iale considered was the ideal kind of an ducation, to "loaf and invite one's ease" a a home supplied with a good library, vhich in Simmons' case happened to be he library of the old Manse at Concord n what was still the Hawthorne-Emerson eriod. Hunt had a Vermont and Boston oyhood, not unlike Simmons', and it is nteresting to note that if Hunt working n the decorations of the State capitol at lbany, at a time that H. H. Richardson vas revealing his genius as an architect here in the late Seventies, led the way to hat coöperation of architecture and ainting that reached its early apotheosis t the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893, t was Simmons who was one of the fifty merican painters, among them, of ourse, Vedder, John W. Alexander, and Blashfield, who worked on the murals of he Congressional Library, opened in 897. It was these immortal fifty who rought to a head the promise so brilıantly set out by Hunt nearly a generaion earlier. It was this kind of thing that Iunt represented, which now with the lbany decorations ruined is but a fine nemory, that took the sting out of the lur of the early Eighties that American nural art was summed up in the unfinshed monochrome decorations of Brumidi nd Costagini in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

And then if one really wants to get a reater grip on the contemporary sucessors of Hunt and Sargent and Whistler nd Weir, nothing is better in the way of manual for the library table than AMERICAN ARTISTS, (Scribners) by Royal Cortissoz. The written appreciations brought out by the Sargent and the Weir exhibitions and the Boston Days of Hunt are all caught up and anticipated, as it were, in Royal Cortissoz' book and a delightful atmosphere created which establishes, through the study of a splendid group of artists and sculptors, the very important fact that American art is not without its great names and, what is more important, that its determining influences began earlier than most people, who know very little about it, are willing to concede. Cortissoz also puts one in his debt, aside from his relation of what might be called the personal facts of art and art life in America, by his essay on "Beauty" and he contributes to the gayety of controversy by his amusing but searching analysis of the Extremists, labelled "Ellis Island Art," which is just as fresh and just as true today as when it was written in that period when for a certain group the Armory Show of 1913 was supposed once and for all to overflow everything that men like Hunt and Sargent stood for.

HARVEY M. WATTS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Country People

COUNTRY PEOPLE by Ruth Suckow (Knopf, $2.00) is a unique novel. It is the only story of the year for which fabulous sums will *not* be offered to secure the moving picture rights. The plot of *Country People* is written on the hero's tombstone:

KAETTERHENRY
August Ernst
1859–1922.

There must be some quality I failed to appreciate in Miss Suckow's work, to earn her a place in the "Century" and "Midlander." Perhaps it is her simplicity and sincerity. But these are bread and milk qualities. My cleaning-woman used the same literary style when she told me how her eldest girl went wrong. It is quite permissible for the characters of a novel to be inarticulate provided the author has the faculty of leading you inside the heroine's mind, and saying "Poor clod, she can not say it, but this is how she feels!"

The pages of *Country People* are as bald a narrative as a police report. It is as if the Sherwood Anderson of *Winesburg, Ohio*, days, had written, "O, Pioneers!".

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Miss Suckow is content, — and that may be part of the quiet beauty of her style, — to say "It was a hot day." Willa Sibert Cather would have made you see the scorched, cracked earth, made you feel the hammer-beat of your pulse in your hot temples, and hear the whirr and buzz of a teeming insect world living out its hour: — all in perhaps ten words, phrasing the disconnected reverie of her heroine.

Miss Suckow's style, the simple sentence structure, the avoidance of introspection, of analysis, is reminiscent of what we have come to accept as the "Russian" method: but this form achieves its best results when it describes events so terrific, so monstrous, that a more sympathetic or extended treatment would make the situation unbearable. We approached *Country People* with this convention tacitly understood, and we reached the end with a sense of frustration. We resented finding our roast beef built on the general plan of a cream puff. It is not good gastronomy: whether it is good novel writing, we cannot pretend to say. But for our part, the laurel wreathes of Miss Sheila Kaye Smith, and Willa Cather, as "genre" writers, are still inviolate.

THERESE JOSEPHS BURNHAM.

Neponsit, L. I.

Our American Theatre

Another book on the theatre. This time Mr. Oliver Sayler's voice is heard on American stagecraft. Those who look for a carefully compiled history of the American stage in OUR AMERICAN THEATRE (Brentano's, $4.00) will be disappointed. However, before quarrelling with the book for what it is not, critics would do well to note the author's motive, plainly stated in his preface, — namely, to sketch in highlights the period from 1908–1923 in the American theatre through intimate studies of men and women who have been responsible for its record.

As a contemporary document the book is especially valuable to those who live too far away from the centre of dramatic activity to be familiar with the names that are making the theatrical history of today. The rise and development of The Theatre Guild, Provincetown Players, The Neighborhood Playhouse, The Little Theatre Movement, and The Theatre in College is treated fully. The case of the theatre is presented from the point of view of playwright, producer, actor, designer, and critic, — with due attention to the outstanding persons in each different branch of theatrical art. The author ventures no startling discoveries in these fields; but, as in the case of O'Neill (to whom he rightly devotes a chapter), he is content to discuss fully those who have repeatedly evoked favorable critical consideration. In his discussion of realism and the revolt against realism, Mr. Sayler attempts to bring order out of the chaotic pseudo-philosophy that has grown up around the theatre. Mention should be made also of the elaborate Appendices (listing Important Productions on the American Stage, 1908–1923, A Complete List of the Plays of Eugene O'Neill, etc.), to the book which will be of value to the student of the American theatre in the future.

The fact that Mr. Sayler arbitrarily selected only the last fifteen years of American stagecraft for his discussion and treated with beautiful disregard theatrical history before 1908, naturally leads him to over-emphasis. Also, like many of our able critics, Mr. Sayler suffers from the Continental complex; there is no danger of us forgetting that this is the man who wrote *The Russian Theatre*. He is not pessimistic, however, in regard to the future of the American theatre. The very reason he seized upon the last decade and a half of American theatrical development with such unflagging zeal is that he feels this period may point to the establishment of a National theatre that will "epitomize all that is best, most vigorous and most characteristic in our theatre and life." The style in which the book is written is vivacious, but is too often marred by tricks of journalism.

Externally, Brentano's has made the volume decidely artistic; and the illustrations from drawings by Lucie Sayler add greatly to its attractiveness.

JEANETTE EDWARDS.

Nashville, Tenn.

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the New York "Tribune," and in 1917 was director of publicity for the American National Red Cross Drive.

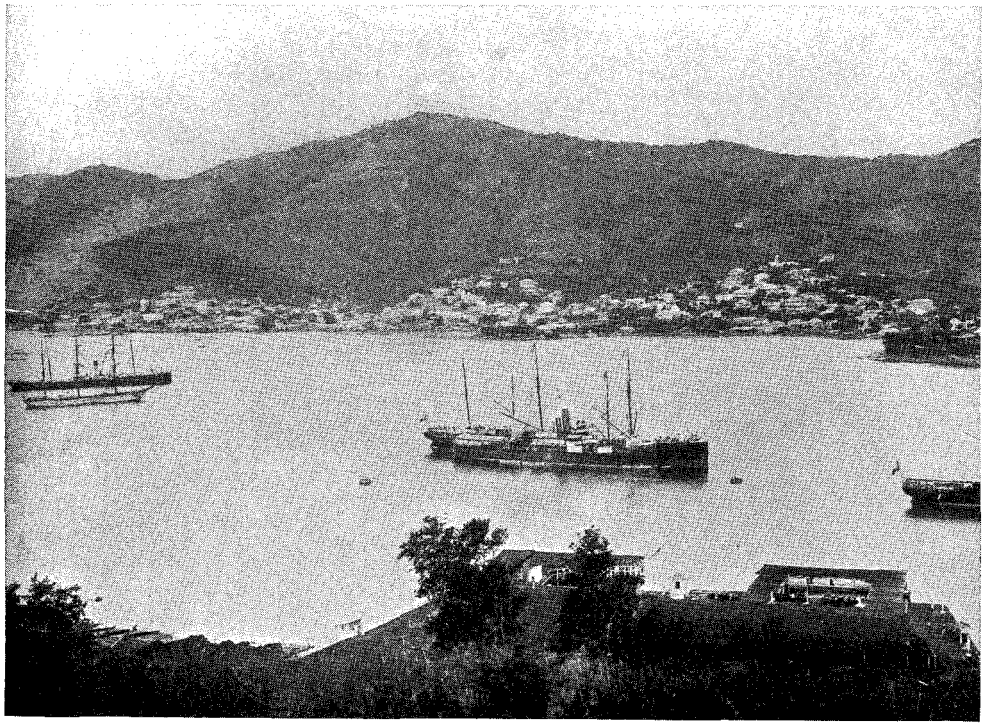
CHARLES THOMAS HALLINAN is a good-natured Irishman from the Middle West, who during the last three years has been doing free-lance journalistic work in London and has come to be regarded over there as a fearless champion of America. For some time he was on the staff of the Chicago "Evening Post" and later became director of the American Union Against Militarism.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR. says he practises law for a living and lives out of doors as much as the law will let him. "Life in the open has life in the shut beaten a long gap and I firmly believe that he who works and runs away will live to work another day. I like to write about these runaway days because I get so much health and interest and real happiness out of them that I preach the out-of-door gospel in season and out of season." Mr. Scoville is director of a number of civic and charitable organizations.

JOHN ST. LOE STRACHEY, editor and proprietor of "The Spectator," London, has been prominent in the London world of letters since 1884. He might be described as the Dean of Conservative journalism in England.

LAWTON MACKALL confesses to being continually thrilled at "the fever and flapdoodle of life." In his thriftier moments he has edited magazines and "indited advertising blether." In ambitious moments he has endeavored to "coax his buzzing, honey-laden thoughts to swarm on paper." In his more typical moments his hand is stayed by the thought that "existence is so exciting that writing about it is a mere interruption."

ELIZABETH BARBARA CANADAY has taught advertising and journalism as a reconstruction aide in the Army hospitals and has had experience in various sorts of publicity. She is the author of several short stories and poems.



A view of the town and harbor of Charlotte Amalie, on St. Thomas, the chief island in the group which we purchased from Denmark

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A typical home in "our neglected crown colony." Scene at Christiansted, St. Croix, Virgin Islands

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